

The Outlook

FEBRUARY 23, 1916

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THE ISSUES

RIGHTEOUSNESS

War, like peace, is properly a means to an end—righteousness. Neither war nor peace is in itself righteous, and neither should be treated as of itself the end to be aimed at. Righteousness is the end. Righteousness, when triumphant, brings peace, but peace may not bring righteousness. Whether war is right or wrong depends purely upon the purpose for which, and the spirit in which, it is waged.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
Ex-President of the United States.

JUSTICE

The American democracy stands for something more than beef and cotton and grain and manufactures; stands for something that cannot be measured by rates of exchange and does not rise or fall with the balance of trade. The American people achieved liberty and schooled themselves to the service of justice before they acquired wealth. . . . They have embodied their principles of government in fixed rules of right conduct which they jealously preserve, and, with the instinct of individual freedom, they stand for a government of laws and not of men. They deem that the moral laws which formulate the duties of men towards each other are binding upon nations equally with individuals.

ELIHU ROOT,
Ex-Secretary of State for the United States.

LIBERTY

The passion of Americans is not primarily for peace. It is a passion for liberty and justice; and for liberty and justice Americans have always heretofore been found ready to fight to the death.

The Outlook, December 15, 1915.

LEADERSHIP

The Presidential issue for 1916 is very simple.

It is not the tariff.

It is not finance.

It is not the relation of capital to labor.

It is not the regulation of the trusts.

It is the question of National defense. Shall our citizens be protected abroad and our country protected at home?

The party which makes this issue the first article of its platform, and the candidate who regards it as the public question of paramount importance and whose deeds as well as whose words are consistent with such a platform, will, in our judgment, be successful.

The Outlook, October 6, 1915.

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THE WEEK

THE STORY OF THE WAR: SHALL MERCHANT SHIPS BE DENIED THE RIGHT OF DEFENSE?

Before the announced agreement on the Lusitania case is made public the United States, partly through the words of its own Government, partly through Germany's aggressive declaration, is plunged into a new problem of the utmost seriousness. Shall merchant vessels be denied their immemorial and recognized right to carry guns for defense under the penalty of being sunk by attack without warning—rank piracy heretofore? Elsewhere in this issue of *The Outlook* will be found a statement of the international law questions involved from Mr. Ellery C. Stowell, Assistant Professor of International Law and Diplomacy in Columbia University, in the form of direct answers to questions on the various points.

If, as stated in Washington despatches published on the last day of the week here under review (February 16), our State Department's note sent to the Allies suggesting that merchant ships disarm was not intended to change international rules and practice during this war, the State Department may be embarrassed to explain the final paragraph of Secretary Lansing's note. It reads:

I should add that my Government is impressed with the reasonableness of the argument that a merchant vessel carrying armament of any sort, in view of the character of the submarine warfare and the defensive weakness of undersea craft, should be held to be an auxiliary cruiser and so treated by a neutral as well as by a belligerent Government, and is seriously considering instructing its officials accordingly.

The time for our note was not happily chosen; for while it was being discussed there appeared a German declaration of purpose which can only be compared in importance and ruthlessness to the original German "war zone" declaration of submarine war against merchant ships. In effect and purpose Germany and Austria advise the United States Government that, beginning March 1, they will launch a vigorous submarine campaign against enemy merchant shipping, and that they propose to attack armed ships of this character without warning. The ultimate German defense for this violation of the common law of the seas is the old plea of Great Britain's blockade and

"starvation" policy, reprisal, and the difficulty of submarine warfare on the old basis. The Allies will denounce this as piracy and will refuse to abandon the old right to carry guns. If our Government does not take strong ground as to the new attempt to override sea law, it courts danger in the future, for no submarine captain can surely distinguish between armed and unarmed merchant vessels, nor know which have Americans on board.

There is irony in the Berlin report that the German memorandum declares the new policy to be "in harmony with the American proposal for disarmament." Such a proposal, as *The Outlook* has already pointed out, is equivalent to saying to merchant vessels, "This Government will not defend you, and you must not defend yourselves."

THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT AND THE WAR

Parliament reopened on Tuesday of last week, and from the outset the war situation came to the front. The Premier, Mr. Asquith, plainly pointed out the necessary burden of the nation in taxation; he confirmed the recent estimate of \$25,000,000 a day as Great Britain's war expense, admitted that there would be a serious financial strain on the resources of the country, but added: "I have no more doubt of our ultimate triumph than I have of the justice and righteousness of the war, but the nation must realize the enormous burdens of the war."

In the House of Lords Lord Kitchener reviewed the military operations and expressed satisfaction with the situation as it is now. He took a very favorable view of the recent offensive movements of the Allies in the Champagne district and near Arras, and described the present German offenses as really counter-attacks to recover lost ground. He declared also that adequate preparations have now been made to defend the Suez Canal, however serious the attack might be.

ON THE FIRING LINES

The only fighting of the week of serious importance is found in the varied attacks in France and Flanders by the Germans. Advances are claimed by the Germans in the region of the Vosges, in the Champagne district, and in the neighborhood of Arras, and

even at Ypres, where, on February 15, they claimed to have broken the British line on a front of nearly half a mile. There is no doubt that all these German attacks were more active and larger in extent than recent operations on the general western front; but that they have made anything like a decisive break in the line of the Allies seems most improbable.

All sorts of rumors have been current the past week. One of the most surprising and least confirmed is that Bulgaria is seeking a separate peace with the Allies. Another is that the Turkish force in Mesopotamia has been largely reinforced, which is quite possible, but not yet certain. The great military achievement of the week—and of many weeks—was the taking of Erzerum, the Armenian fortress city. The Russian Army of the Caucasus, under the Grand Duke Nicholas, after five days of terrible assault, occupied the city and drove the Turkish army, under command of the German General von der Goltz, westward. The strategic value of Erzerum is immense because at it center many roads; the victory clears the way also for Russian forces advancing south toward Bagdad and through Persia, and in the end may help the British forces in Mesopotamia.

MR. GARRISON'S RESIGNATION

Lindley Miller Garrison served his country well. Men of all parties agree that he was one of the ablest of our Secretaries of War, and one of the two or three strongest members of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet. His resignation on February 10, in the midst of the campaign for preparedness, of which he was a vigorous and effective supporter, causes serious loss, not only to the Administration, but to the Nation.

The correspondence between the President and Mr. Garrison which ended in Mr. Garrison's resignation began on January 12. In his letter of that date Mr. Garrison drew sharply the distinction between "reliance on a system of State troops, forever subject to Constitutional limitations," and "reliance upon National forces raised, officered, trained, and controlled by the National authorities." He declared that "there can be no honest or worthy solution which does not result in National forces under the exclusive authority of the National Government. Any other solution is illusory and not real, is apparent and not substantial." In his report as Secretary of War he had advocated the enlarge-

ment of the regular army, the formation of reserves composed of men who had served as regular soldiers but had gone out of the army into civil life, and the creation of a body of citizen soldiery under Federal control. He made it clear that he did not insist upon any proportion between these three elements, or upon the form which the citizen soldiery should take; but he made it equally clear that there could be no compromise between the principle of State control of any of these forces and National control. He urged the President to make himself "the leader on this great subject."

In reply to this letter and a subsequent one, the President, on January 17, wrote that, while he had confidence in the sense of responsibility of those Congressional leaders who advocated reliance on the militia, he agreed with Mr. Garrison that "the chief thing necessary is that we should have a trained citizen reserve, and that the training, organization, and control of that reserve should be under Federal direction."

Soon thereafter the President took his Western trip, in which, by speech after speech, he advocated enlarging the army and organizing a Federal citizen soldiery, thus adding to his acceptance of Secretary Garrison's report a public pronouncement committing himself to the principle for which Mr. Garrison stood.

After his return from the West the President wrote, in reply to another letter from Mr. Garrison, that, though he was "not yet convinced" that National defense could be obtained through State troops, he felt "in duty bound" to keep his mind "open to conviction," that the Department's advocacy of "compulsory enlistment" had prejudiced the House of Representatives against the plan for a Federal citizen soldiery or "Continental Army," and that he hoped Mr. Garrison in public speech would draw carefully "the distinction between your own individual views and the views of the Administration."

Finding himself now in disagreement with his chief on a matter of principle to which he had believed his chief committed, Mr. Garrison resigned.

Incidentally it appears in the correspondence that an important contributing cause for the resignation was the President's attitude regarding the Philippines. In his controversy with Mr. Taft a few months ago Mr. Garrison had declared officially that the Administration was continuing the past policy of the United

States toward the Philippine Islands. It is not surprising to find Mr. Garrison, therefore, declaring the bill providing for the withdrawal from the Philippines in four or five years a "breach of trust." The President, in turn, said that, though he considered this provision unwise at this time, it would be inadvisable for him to take the position that he must dissent from that provision if both houses of Congress should pass it.

A WARNING TO THE NATION

Mr. Garrison's resignation is due, not to his disagreement with Congress, as some have mistakenly asserted, but to disagreement with the President. This is evident from the fact that Mr. Garrison took no action when the Senate passed the Philippine Bill, but did take action when the President declined to disapprove it. So with defense, Mr. Garrison's action is not because Congress seems bent on basing National defense on the militia of the several States, but because the President seems to be willing to follow the lead of Congress in this rather than to hold fast to the principle of Federal control, to which Mr. Garrison with the consent of the President had committed the Administration.

Mr. Garrison's resignation may well prove to be the greatest, the most serviceable, act of his career. It will be if it serves to awaken the country to the seriousness of the issue that caused it. National defense has been surrounded with a fog of vagueness, of a multitude of counsels through which the Nation has been groping without authoritative leadership. Mr. Garrison was unwilling to grope any longer. His withdrawal from office helps to clear the air. It helps to make clear to the people that they must decide between real preparedness and none at all.

In the light of the correspondence between Mr. Garrison and the President it is evident that Mr. Garrison has been working along a definite and well-considered policy of National defense. That policy has been based on Federal control. So long as the President held to this principle of Federal control of the National forces Mr. Garrison stayed and worked for National defense. When, however, he saw that the President was willing to consider the abandonment of that principle, Mr. Garrison saw that the underpinning of the Administration's policy, which he had worked out, was gone. To have remained

in office would have been to sacrifice that principle. By sacrificing the office he may have done the one thing that will save the principle.

The leadership has passed for the time being out of the hands of the President, who until this break occurred stood for a system of defense that is National, into the hands of those in Congress who stand for a system that is neither National nor defense. Mr. Garrison's resignation raises the warning signal so that the whole country may take heed: "Beware of shams and counterfeits."

ELIHU ROOT'S SPEECH

By all odds the most dramatic event last week in the present National crisis was the great speech of Elihu Root, ex-Secretary of State, ex-Secretary of War, and ex-Senator of the United States, at the Republican Convention of the State of New York, held at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening. It will doubtless be used as a political document in the coming political campaign, but it is very much more than a mere political document. It ought to be read by every citizen, whatever may be his party affiliations, who desires to get a clear, historic, and trustworthy statement of the course of the American Government in regard to the European war. That course was defined by Mr. Root, as follows:

"We have not been following the path of peace. We have been blindly stumbling along the road that, continued, will lead to inevitable war. Our diplomacy has dealt with symptoms and ignored causes. The great decisive question upon which our peace depends is the question whether the rule of action applied to Belgium is to be tolerated. If it is tolerated by the civilized world, this Nation will have to fight for its life. There will be no escape. That is the critical point of defense for the peace of America."

To be sure, Mr. Root devotes a large part of his speech to an eloquent protest against the course of the United States Government in Mexico, and he also refers to the economic situation of the country and the failure of the Democratic party adequately to deal with this situation. But from the extract which we print on another page it is clear that he regards the transcendent issue before the American people to-day as that exemplified in the violation of Belgium and the official

indifference of the American Government to this violation. There can be no such thing, Mr. Root believes, as being "neutral between right and wrong, neutral between justice and injustice, neutral between humanity and cruelty, neutral between liberty and oppression."

Mr. Root was Secretary of State of the United States for four years, and is one of the great figures in that distinguished office. His views of the responsibility of the United States in its foreign relations cannot be waved aside on account of political partisanship. He is one of the foremost international lawyers of the world, and his words therefore add legal authority to a moral protest. He has touched with a sure hand the real issue upon which the American people must make their final decision regarding the European war. It is the maintenance of the simple principle of human rights and human justice in international relations—the issue that is most clearly typified in the case of violated Belgium.

AMERICAN RIGHTS

Mr. Root's great speech is not the only indication that intelligent public opinion in this country will not much longer tolerate neutrality between justice and injustice. In Boston a committee of prominent citizens—among whom are William Roscoe Thayer, the distinguished biographer of the Italian patriot Cavour; Professors Josiah Royce and William E. Hocking, of Harvard University; and Drs. Richard C. Cabot and Morton Prince—have been conducting a remarkable series of public meetings, the purpose of which was to discuss the question of "The Duty of Americans in the War." Professor Hocking defined American interests in the war in the following brief but trenchant words:

If any government declares, whether by words or by acts, that its legitimate aims in the world can be gained only by aggressive war and by the ruthless crushing of small peoples, then both this nation and every other nation has a vital interest in the case.

At some of these meetings American citizens of German origin or birth accepted this definition of American interests and joined in passing the resolutions which were prepared by Mr. Herbert Parker, formerly Attorney-General of the State of Massachusetts. These resolutions declared that it is incumbent upon American citizens to make a

public declaration of their faith and purpose to sustain the cause of civilization; that the President should be supported in any action protecting American interests and maintaining the rightful place of the United States among the nations of the world; that any appearance of valuing commercial interests as highly as human lives is deplorable; that National neutrality does not forbid condemnation of the violation of the territorial or personal rights of small nations; that an embargo upon the export of munitions would be an act of National partisanship; and that Americans ought not to hesitate at the risk of life to defend their flag and the rights of their fellow-citizens, and to take a just part in the enforcement of those principles of humanity without which there can be no peace or justice.

In New York a group of citizens is also organized under the title of "The American Rights Committee." The Committee asserts that the great National issue now before the world is "between world domination by Prussia and the independent existence of the nations of the world—between the subjugation of the people by bureaucratic power and the freedom of the individual." "It is time," says the Committee, "for the American people to see and to understand the dangers lurking in the policy of indifference and aloofness which is urged upon them." The Committee lays down the following as the definite action which it advocates:

1. That the United States Government terminate its futile and humiliating negotiations as to submarine outrages and break off all diplomatic relations with Germany and its Allies.
2. That the United States sternly suppress all attacks on the lives and property of American citizens in aid of foreign belligerents.
3. That the United States make its naval and military establishments commensurate with its obligations to itself and others.
4. That Congress, in accordance with the American note to Austria, decline to pass any Act placing an embargo on the export of munitions of war.

Those who believe, as we do, that this country is in the midst of a period with relation to international affairs which is comparable to the Douglas-Buchanan-Lincoln period just preceding the Civil War in our domestic affairs, will applaud the work of these groups of loyal Americans in New York and Boston and will aid in obtaining a hearing and sup-

port throughout the country for their work in the interest of human rights and international justice.

JUSTICE HUGHES OUT OF POLITICS

Because of widespread confidence in his character and admiration for his record, the name of Justice Charles E. Hughes, of the United States Supreme Court, has been constantly mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for the Presidency; but there has been no evidence of an organized movement in behalf of his candidacy until recently. Mr. C. Bascom Slemp, the only Republican Representative from Virginia in Congress, came into the possession of a letter, however, which indicated that such an organized movement was on foot, and thereupon Mr. Slemp wrote to Justice Hughes, acquainting him with the situation, and received in reply a letter in which Justice Hughes said: "I am entirely out of politics, and I know nothing whatever of the matters to which you refer. I am totally opposed to the use of my name in connection with the nomination and selection or instruction of any delegates in my interest, either directly or indirectly."

Justice Hughes's position is an absolutely sound one.

The people do not know what Justice Hughes's opinions or convictions are regarding the greatest issues that are before the country to-day, and there is no reason why they should know. The American people do not want their judges to abandon the convictions of men who think and speak for themselves; but neither do they want their judges to become agitators and campaigners. The judge who enters a political campaign should first resign.

The Supreme Court is to the Nation what the gyroscope stabilizer is to an aeroplane. It keeps it steady. The actions and policies of the executive, whether a governor or a president, are often temporary in character, the work of one being overturned by the work of his successor. The achievements of the United States Supreme Court, on the other hand, are as nearly permanent as anything in our Government, and it is well that it is so.

And this is especially true at this time of upheaval. If what democracy achieves in the direction of humanity and justice for the great mass of the people is not imbedded in

the decisions of the courts and made a permanent part of the fiber of the country, democracy itself will not endure.

Justice Hughes is therefore right. To allow the element of change to enter into the court through political controversy would be to deprive the court of its chief usefulness. If progress toward larger liberty is to be permanent, there must be men who will sacrifice the excitements and the rewards of political careers in order to do this work of the judge. As long as he remains a Justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. Hughes is well advised in refraining from expressing himself on great public questions, such as preparedness and international rights, and in refusing to be thought of as a candidate for any office.

THE SOUTH AND THE CHILD LABOR BILL

Naturally, the chief topic of interest at the National Child Labor Conference just held at Asheville, North Carolina, was the Keating-Owen Child Labor Bill, which, as already reported in *The Outlook*, has passed the lower house and is before the Senate. Out of two dramatic incidents arose a discussion which, a correspondent of *The Outlook* present at the Conference declares, proved that at heart the great people of the South are in sympathy with the child labor movement and have been grossly misrepresented by a strong, persistent minority who are prejudiced by special interests.

The first incident was an interchange of telegrams. One was from Mr. A. B. Carter, Secretary of the Southern Textile Association, to the National Child Labor Committee. It read:

If conditions are as bad in Southern cotton mills as have been painted by you, something should be done for the relief of the children. Will you kindly explain to the Conference what funds have ever been expended by the National Child Labor Committee to relieve suffering or educate children whose parents are unable to send them to school? Please also explain to the Conference why the Keating Bill was so drawn by you as not to affect tenement-house work in New York, where you well know that children of five and six years of age work from twelve to fifteen hours a day under the most unfavorable conditions. If you are sincere in your desire to help humanity, why have you not given financial aid to the mill children of the South, and why are you willing for children to continue to

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Robert Carter in the New York Evening Sun



"PLEASE DON'T, MR. PRESIDENT, I'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH!"

THE WEARIINESS OF UNCLE SAM

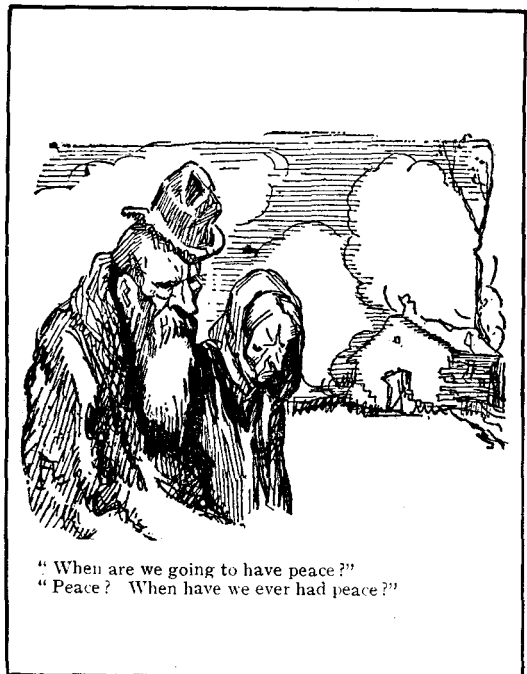
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

From the Berliner Tageblatt



A GERMAN PROPHECY OF TRIUMPH

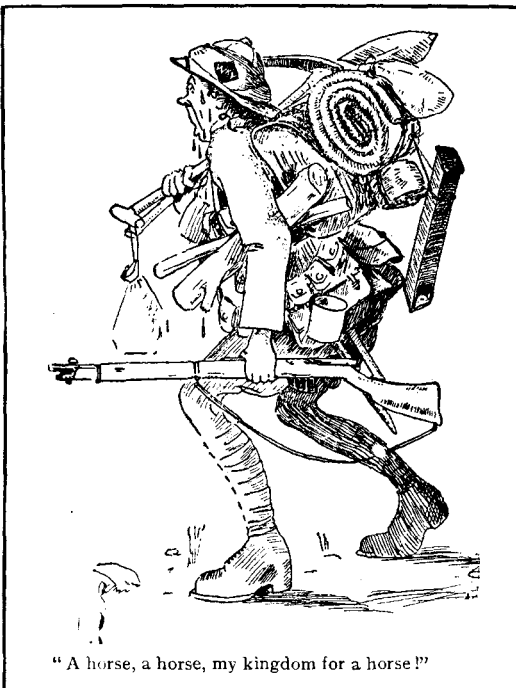
From L'Asino (Rome)



THE PEASANT'S WAY IS ALWAYS HARD

From the Bystander (London)

A sketch by a wounded Australian soldier from Gallipoli, Sergeant Cowell.



A BRITISH ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND A GERMAN CHALLENGE

From Ulk (Berlin)



work in the tenement-houses within a few blocks of your New York office?

To this the National Child Labor Committee replied:

First, we have no funds to support poor families. Do you wish us to understand that the commonwealths you represent are so impoverished that the burden of family support must rest on the shoulders of little children under fourteen years of age? Would adequate wages to adults help relieve this poverty? Second, it is partly because we hope the Keating Bill will do for the tenement children in New York what local workers have been unable to do that we urge its enactment. The Keating-Owen Bill will clearly affect products of New York tenement manufacture in inter-State commerce just as it will affect inter-State commerce in the products of Southern or any other textile mills.

The other incident was a defense made by Congressman Britt for his action in voting against the Keating Bill and the reply of Mr. Keating. Mr. Britt had formerly favored the Weaver Bill in the North Carolina Legislature, a bill in some respects more stringent than the Keating Bill, but now fights the latter partly because of what Mr. Keating called a fit of "Constitution-itis," partly because he feared it would "take away the child's job and dump him on the streets." Now, Mr. Weaver, author of the Weaver Bill, is regarded as Mr. Britt's rival for Congress, and the fight in the district will turn largely on the child labor question.

These two incidents caused a long, free discussion of the attitude of the South on child labor. Dr. A. J. McKelway, the National Child Labor Committee's Secretary for the South, pointed out that of one hundred and fifty Southern congressmen only forty-five voted against the Keating Bill, and only four Southern States—Mississippi, Georgia, and the Carolinas—had a majority vote against the bill.

Women from three Southern States urged the passage of the Keating Bill and said that the club women of the South had indorsed it. President W. C. Currell, of the University of South Carolina, said that the people of the South were convinced that compulsory education was necessary. Three-quarters of the speakers at the Conference were Southerners, and all except Mr. Britt and Mr. H. C. Miller, attorney for the Southern Cotton Manufacturers' Association, admitted that the true opinion of the South on child labor reform has not yet been expressed in her legislatures.

It is evidently wrong to represent the

people of the South as opposed to proper restriction of child labor.

A REUNION OF PRISON ALUMNI

Probably unmatched anywhere before since man first began the practice of locking up his fellow-man was the meeting of ex-convicts under the auspices of the Outside Branch of the Mutual Welfare League of Sing Sing Prison, held recently at Carnegie Hall, New York City. Men who had spent the greater part of their lives behind the bars stood on the platform and told an audience that packed the building how their criminal careers had begun and progressed. The most flagrant crimes were admitted without a flush of shame. Ex-burglars, ex-forgers, and former "strong-arm" men laid bare their criminal pasts, not for the purpose of condemning any particular prison, but for the purpose of condemning all prisons and all society for its attitude toward prisoners, with the single exception of the reform régime of Thomas Mott Osborne at Sing Sing.

Dick Richards, the first secretary of the Mutual Welfare League, was chairman, and a better one could not have been asked. Explaining that he himself had spent twenty-seven years in penal institutions, in most of which it was against the rule to talk, he asked indulgence for himself "and the other boys, if we talk too much to-night." Richards introduced each speaker with a humorous anecdote of the latter's criminal past, but he mingled the gay and the grave in a way to make a Dickens envious.

John Dale, an accomplished ex-burglar, and Harry Bolaskey, who earned the sobriquet "the Subway Terror" for his skill in picking pockets in New York subway trains, told how they had been started on the wrong road when mere lads by commitment to institutions where, instead of being reformed, they were schooled in crime. Dale, like Jack Dillon, a man who has spent twenty-one of the thirty years of his life in correctional institutions, named a juvenile institution, called a protectory, as the first "prep school" where the foundations had been laid for their later graduation into State's prison.

"I was six years old when I entered," said Dillon. "Of course it would be absurd to say that I knew how to steal then, but I learned well enough in the ten years I was there."

He leaned forward and shouted at the

audience, as if in a measure he blamed it for the blight on his past:

"Why call an institution that learns children to steal a protectory?"

One man said that he had been such a clever criminal that no preliminary training had been necessary for him, and that he had gone straight to Sing Sing for his first conviction; but most of them named a long succession of juvenile institutions and reformatories where they had "studied" before "graduating" to State's prison. The burden of their condemnation of the present system is that to-day the average man leaves a penal institution a worse man than he was when he went in. As one of them put it: "If you send a machine to a machine shop, you expect to get it back improved; why do you not demand that when you send a man to prison he be returned to you in a better condition than when he went in?"

Most of the ex-convicts had been out of prison more than a year, and all of them averred that they were now "going straight." All of them, too, ascribed their change of heart and their improved position in society to the direct influence of Warden Thomas Mott Osborne and the Mutual Welfare Leagues of Sing Sing and Auburn. Mr. Osborne was there and spoke, and so did Mr. Fred Dorner, principal keeper of Sing Sing. In fact, the appearance of a head keeper on the same stage with many ex-convicts was one of the strangest features of the evening.

Mr. Dorner admitted the charge of Chairman Richards that in former days he was a representative agent of the brutal old penal system. But he declared that under the old system it was impossible for a keeper to be humane to his prisoners even if he wanted to, and he told how he himself was threatened with punishment because he wrote a letter of sympathy to an ex-convict. The advent of Mr. Osborne, he said, had made it possible for him to obey the natural promptings of his heart in the treatment of felons.

THE PRISONER AND THE PUBLIC

Mr. Osborne, who spoke last, corroborated the statement that "the old system" brutalized keepers and guards as well as convicts. He corroborated also the remark of an ex-convict that under the old system "keepers had no regard for the moral welfare of prisoners because they had no morals them-

selves." "Tom Brown," as the Sing Sing Warden is known to the prisoners, emphasized a point which the other speakers had been harping upon, namely, that we cannot have prison reform that is worth anything until we have a new moral attitude on the part of society towards those that have offended it. "The more you punish a man, the harder you treat him, the harder his desire for revenge becomes, and he leaves prison determined to get even with the society that has hurt him. 'The only way of hitting back that he knows is to keep on committing crimes, and so the thing goes from bad to worse in an endless vicious circle.'"

But Mr. Osborne went on to say that it is just as important that prisoners understand society as it is that society understand the prisoners. "The average convict," he said, "thinks that society is made up entirely of grafters. He thinks the men out of prison are simply grafters who have not been caught. His attitude is that of the prisoner who said that the world is made up of three classes of people—'those in prison, those that have been in prison, and those that ought to be in prison.'"

Mr. Osborne evidently has an important work ahead of him in helping the men and women inside of prisons and the men and women on the outside to understand each other, and that is the first step towards prison reform. When the prisoner is convinced that society is willing to give him a chance, he will begin to want to "go straight;" and when society is convinced that the prisoner would accept a chance to "go straight" if it were offered to him, society will see that he gets the chance.

Incidentally, by the fairness of his conduct of the legal preliminaries to his trial Mr. Osborne has gained the confidence even of many of those persons who have heretofore mistrusted him. For example, it was suggested that he would not get a fair trial in Westchester County, where Sing Sing Prison is situated, and therefore that he should ask for a change of venue—that is, for a transfer of his trial to another county. In his letter instructing his lawyer not to make a motion for a change of venue Mr. Osborne said:

"I do not see how the fight could be logically or effectively carried on elsewhere. The shame of this outrageous and brutal attack upon an innocent man has been placed upon Westchester County. It would not be fair to deny the county the chance to show

that such actions are not representative of the real sentiment of its people."

Judging by the applause that greets his every public appearance, the "real sentiment" of the people at large is that Mr. Osborne is being much fairer to the forces opposed to him than those forces have been to him, even though the rapiers of Mr. Osborne's enemies have been tipped with legality. His refusal to try for a change of venue was as wise as it was brave.

A REMARKABLE STRIKE

In some ways one of the most remarkable strikes in American industrial history has been that of about 57,000 employees in the ladies' and children's garment trades in New York City. The strike, which is subsiding as this is written and which may have reached its end by the time this issue of *The Outlook* is in the hands of our readers, has been particularly remarkable for two things:

1. For the comparatively slight amount of lawlessness and disorder.
2. For the unusual spectacle of organized capital and organized labor making common cause against unorganized labor and unorganized capital.

There were really four strikes in one. Lace and embroidery workers to the number of 4,000, children's dressmakers to the number of 10,000, wrapper and kimono trade workers to the number of 8,000, and 35,000 waist and dress makers were affected. All these were under the general control of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, which supervised the quadruple fight.

The great majority of the strikers were women and girls. The Executive Committee in charge of the labor forces tried in every way to make the battle a fair and orderly one. On the morning of the day that the strike was called girls were posted at every station of the subway and elevated lines between the Battery and Forty-second Street, Manhattan, who flashed in the faces of fellow-employees on their way to work large pink circulars, on which the following appeal was printed in English, Yiddish, and Italian:

Sisters and Brothers: You are hereby requested to leave your employment as orderly and quietly as possible. Do not make any disturbance. Pack up your tools and everything that belongs to you promptly at 2 P.M., and leave your shops to join the ranks of the strikers. Avoid arguments and enter into no discussion

with your employer or any of his representatives. If the employers refuse to permit you to use the elevators, walk downstairs.

Let the workers of each shop, headed by its shop chairman, march in an orderly manner to the meeting hall to which you were directed. Do not wait for any committee to take you down. Let this red circular be your committee. The union is now determined, once for all, to organize completely our entire industry. Now is the time for it.

That there were far fewer arrests and far less lawlessness than in past strikes in these same trades indicates how implicitly the union members obeyed the praiseworthy instructions of their leaders.

CAPITAL AND LABOR HAND IN HAND

The other feature of this labor war occurred entirely within that part of the fight that affected the 35,000 waist and dress makers. About two months ago, in accordance with the "protocol" adopted by the union and the organized employers in this industry, the union officials asked the Manufacturers' Association to confer with them in regard to their demands for higher wages, shorter hours, and more sanitary and comfortable shop conditions. Some of these demands the manufacturers granted, which were then put into effect as amendments to the protocol. The demands which were not granted were submitted to the arbitration of the standing board, made up of Mr. Hamilton Holt, the representative of the employers; Mr. Robert Bruère, representative of the workers; and Judge Julian Mack, representative of the public and chairman of the board.

So far, so good. But here the rub came. The manufacturers who had subscribed to the protocol numbered about 220, and the members of the union which subscribed to it numbered about 15,000. But the protocol was not recognized by about 550 independent manufacturers and 20,000 non-union employees.

Manifestly, unless the better conditions granted by the Manufacturers' Association were enforced throughout the trade the liberal manufacturers would suffer from the competition of their less generous competitors. Manifestly, too, from the point of view of the labor union leaders, it was desirable that the twenty thousand non-union employees should have the same advantages as the organized workers.

So the organized manufacturers entered

into an agreement with the union calculated to bring the recalcitrant independent manufacturers to terms. A general strike was declared in the waist and dress industry affecting the entire body of thirty-five thousand employees. But by agreement between the union and the Manufacturers' Association, the fifteen thousand union members employed by the organized manufacturers were to leave their work for only a week, ostensibly on strike, but in reality on a "Demonstration Holiday." In other words, the union workers "went out" simply to encourage the unorganized workers, to assist in the organization of the latter, and to dismay the independent manufacturers.

The plan worked beautifully. As they had promised to do, the 15,000 original union members went back to work at the end of a week. But by that time 13,000 of the 20,000 workers that had been unorganized had enrolled in the union, and about 500 of the 550 independent manufacturers had signified a desire to discuss capitulation terms with the union. Thus the result of this co-operative scheme of organized labor and organized capital is a great increase of strength for both.

We are living in an age of organization. We cannot go back to the old free lance, individualistic economic order. The New York garment workers' strike has proved the value of the regulated organization of both capital and labor. And it has proved that the intelligent, sympathetic co-operation of capital and labor is to the advantage of both, and particularly to the advantage of the public.

THE BOOKER T. WASHINGTON MEMORIAL MEETING

Dr. Hollis B. Frissell, Principal of Hampton Institute and successor of General Armstrong, told the four thousand white and colored people who gathered in Carnegie Hall, New York, on the evening of February 11 to honor the memory of Dr. Booker T. Washington, about the famous Carl Schurz gathering in that hall, and added: "The story of Booker Washington, who rose from slavery to become one of the world's great leaders, is even more wonderful."

Mr. Seth Low, who presided, read a portion of Henry Watterson's letter expressing the white South's estimate of Dr. Washington: "I held Booker Washington in the very highest respect and regard. No man since the war

of sections has exercised such beneficence for the country, especially the South." He pointed out that if the ten million Negroes in the United States should give to the Memorial on the scale of Tuskegee's pupils and teachers, a fund of at least \$15,000,000 would be available to help perpetuate Dr. Washington's work. Mr. Low also announced that white friends had already subscribed \$650,000 to the two-million-dollar fund which the trustees are raising.

Dr. Frissell, after giving the facts to show that Dr. Washington's life was one of faith, love, humility, and service, repeated the message which General Armstrong left, and applied it to Tuskegee: "See to it, you who are true to just ideas of education, that Tuskegee does not go down." Then he said of Major Moton: "I have known this man for over twenty-five years, and I have never known him to do a mean thing. God has lifted up Major Moton to carry on Dr. Washington's work."

Mr. William G. Willcox, the new President of the New York City Board of Education, who has been associated with Tuskegee for ten years, said: "Throughout the length and breadth of the land Dr. Booker T. Washington was recognized as the foremost influence in promoting good understanding and helpful relations between the races, as the builder of a great school to spread the gospel of inspired common sense in Negro education, as the leader of his race in industrial efficiency, economic independence, and high ideals of character and citizenship."

Mr. William H. Lewis, the Negro lawyer who for seven years was one of the radical Negroes who opposed Dr. Washington's economic and educational programme and believed in political agitation, told with rare feeling the story of his conversion to the Washington principles, and paid a tribute to Dr. Washington's sanity, his ability as an organizer, his control over men, and his constructive work for the Negro, the South, and the Nation.

Major R. R. Moton, Principal-elect of Tuskegee, who for twenty-five years was the intimate friend and helpful associate of Dr. Washington, spoke simply and forcefully. "The most unique individual product of emancipation," was his first characterization of the great Negro leader. "Booker T. Washington's life and work alone would have justified Abraham Lincoln's ideas and actions regarding emancipation," he added.

After outlining what Dr. Washington had

done to work out a constructive plan of action and to help the Nation by first helping the Negro and the South, Major Moton added :

"I hope no one will believe that I, for a moment, think that I can fill Dr. Washington's place. I am earnestly and humbly aware that this is well-nigh impossible. It will require the combined energy and efforts of *all* the Negroes in America, and then they will need the co-operation and backing of the white people to carry on Dr. Washington's work."

There are few, if any, schools or colleges in the country in which white students are receiving as sound, useful, and comprehensive an education as the black students of Tuskegee obtain. It is in the truest sense a National institution, and deserves National support.

MORE LETTERS TO MARJORIE STERRETT

Marjorie Sterrett's dime given to the New York "Tribune" to start a fund for the building of a battle-ship for the United States navy seems to have fallen on good ground. At least it has produced almost enough money to fire a 14-inch gun once, and more than enough letters to provide wadding for the guns of a whole regiment of Washington's Continentals. By this time Marjorie Sterrett has doubtless learned that public life cannot be entered without the danger of encountering considerable adverse criticism. Both her grammar and her political wisdom have been questioned by authorities of note.

Mr. Franklin P. Adams, pilot of "The Conning Tower" in the New York "Tribune," has gone so far as to suggest that Miss Sterrett in her original appeal for funds violated all principles of grammar by the use of the word "like" as a conjunction. Marjorie Sterrett not only turned the other cheek to this criticism, but she even extended both hands, as the following letter will show :

Dear Mr. Franklin P. Adams :

I read your column in the paper every day. I don't always understand your jokes but I suppose they are all right. I see in this morning's paper you criticized my grammar but just to show that I forgive you I am going to let you send a dime to my battleship fund.

Yours Truly

MAJORIE STERRETT.

Mr. Adams, following Mr. Roosevelt's example, rose nobly to the occasion to the tune of ten cents and one unborn grandchild. Mr.

Roosevelt's idea of contributing in the name of a generation yet to arrive was a happy one. We can think of a great many cases to which this principle might profitably be applied. This is Mr. Adams's letter :

Dear Miss Marjorie :

First let us say that your letter made us give ten cents to your battle-ship fund. As to your use of "like" as a conjunction, it was wrong, even though many writers—especially sporting writers—employ it.

In giving ten cents to the fund, we tried to make a little joke. It went something like this: There is no dime like the present. But we thought it was pretty poor.

We don't know anything about politics, but we know what we like; and we like you and Colonel Roosevelt. Our ten-cent contribution is for our little grandchild. She isn't born yet, but if she should be a girl, she will be named Marjorie Sterrett. We hope you will have a conning tower on your battle-ship,

And oblige,
F. P. A.

A PURELY OFFICIAL OPINION

The only real opposition to Marjorie Sterrett's suggestion came from the official head of the Navy Department, the exclusive beneficiary of her patriotic endeavor. Perhaps we are captious, but it seems to us that Secretary Daniels fails, in his letter, to display that delicate spirit of fancy which might have emanated from the pen of the creator of the late lamented Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., but, like Mercutio's wound, "'tis enough, 'twill serve." He writes.

My dear Miss Sterrett :

The Editor of the New York "Tribune" has been kind enough to send me with your letter of February 2nd the ten cents in stamps which you sent him as your contribution toward the construction of a battle-ship. Your patriotic action is indeed commendable, and I congratulate you on the motives which prompted your action, but I am returning the stamps herewith. The revenue, required for such naval construction as the representatives of the people believe to be justified and necessary, will be obtained by taxation in the usual manner, and I believe that every American like yourself will gladly submit to the taxation which his spokesmen see fit to impose, and will thereby make unnecessary individual contributions.

Believe me, with very best wishes,

Cordially yours,

JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

On further consideration we are inclined to state it as a fact that Secretary Daniels has

been too severe with Miss Marjorie Sterrett. So dignified a reproof might better be reserved for such activities as those of the late General Gaines, who in nearly every disturbance from the War of 1812 to 1848 called out troops without waiting for instructions from the National Government. At the time of the Mexican War, it will be remembered, he sent some eight thousand men to the relief of General Taylor before he could be stopped by being relieved from his command.

As to the general question of private initiative as a substitute for Governmental deficiency, it may be remarked that even in so well organized a country as Germany a very large part of Germany's air fleet, before the outbreak of the present war, was bought and paid for through private subscriptions.

Marjorie Sterrett's fund has now reached a total of \$648.30. It may yet grow to a size that will command the respect of the Secretary of the Navy.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE, FRIEND OF BOYS

John Townsend Trowbridge (he invariably used the contracted form, J. T. Trowbridge, so that the full name has a most unfamiliar look to his old-time readers) died in his ninetieth year, on February 12, at his home in Arlington, near Boston. His writing career almost exactly covered the second half of the nineteenth century. Few people now take down from library shelves the musty old volumes of the "Knickerbocker Magazine," but it was famous and popular in its day, and in it the name of Mr. Trowbridge will be found with those of N. P. Willis, Washington Irving, Bryant, and other writers long since passed away. He was one of the earliest contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly," and he wrote more than one full-fledged novel, and more than one serious poem worthy of a long literary life.

But it is as the friend of boys, the teller of tales which gave them many delightful hours, that he will be remembered. His last boys' book was written in 1899, but librarians tell us that some of his books are still in constant demand. As for the boys of an earlier generation, how well they will remember arguing as to whether "Cudjo's Cave" or "The Three Scouts" was his best war story; whether "Darius Green" or "The Vagabonds" was his best "speaking piece"; whether there ever was or could be such a

good boys' magazine as "Our Young Folks," which he helped edit, and in which his stories ran side by side with Mayne Reid's "Afloat in the Forest" and other famous tales. Even his books, "Father Brighthopes" and "Neighbor Jackwood," were in demand by the boys of fifty years ago, because for some mysterious reason they were admitted to Sunday-school libraries and yet were "really novels."

The author of "Darius Green and His Flying-Machine," that sly dig at the lunatics who believed in aviation, exclaimed, forty years later, as he looked at the birdlike aeroplanes in flight, "I never dreamed when I wrote that poem that such a thing as a flying-machine was even a possibility in my lifetime." But Darius is as good fun as ever!

Mr. Trowbridge was a close friend of Longfellow, Holmes, and Emerson, and wrote a delightful book of personal reminiscences; but he had no warmer or sincerer friends than the host of boys who have read his books with zest, and always without injury either to morals or literary taste.

THE FRANCHISE IN PRUSSIA

The other day in the Prussian Parliament the Address from the Throne contained an allusion to the desirability of franchise reform.

This was welcome, indeed. In this respect, as in others, Prussia has shown herself more stiffnecked and bigoted than are the other German states.

Until 1848 Prussia was an absolute monarchy. Since then, under a constitutional form of government, the *Landtag* or Parliament consists of the *Herrenhaus* or House of Lords, the upper chamber, and the *Abgeordnetenhaus* or House of Deputies, the lower chamber. The members of the upper house are the princes of the royal family who are of age, the chiefs of the sixteen "mediatized" princely houses (namely, those whose territories are now annexed to Prussia), the fifty heads of the territorial nobility, the life peers, a titled representative chosen by the landowners in each province, university representatives, the mayors of cities having more than fifty thousand inhabitants, and members appointed by the King. The members of the lower house have no such restrictions, but their electors are strongly bound down. No Prussian may vote until he has attained his twenty-fifth year, and then his vote is not direct. Out of every two hundred and fifty

Urwähler, or electors in the first instance, a *Wahlmann* or direct elector is chosen. Property and other qualifications divide voters into three classes; one rich man outweighs many poor men.

The prospect of putting an end to this sort of thing was acclaimed, not only by the Socialists, whose very reason of being has been based on such injustice, but also by the liberals. No sooner had one of the conservatives given a sign of the old Junker attitude than, according to press reports, the "*Berliner Tageblatt*," reputed to be the Chancellor's mouthpiece, declared that the Prussian people were in better business than to discuss with persons who after a year and a half of war did not feel the breath of a new era; it was now the Government's duty to oppose the notion that a privileged minority was governing in Prussia!

It has happened before in history that when the king joined hands with the people they conquered the feudal lords. Who doubts that this will not also sooner or later take place in Prussia?

A "TYPICAL AMERICAN"

The adjective *typical* is often misused, frequently as a synonym for *model*. We say a man is a typical representative of this or that social stratum, when, alas! he is often much above the average of his class.

Perhaps we are guilty of some verbal distortion of this kind when we say that the late Belvidere Brooks was a typical American. What we mean is that Mr. Brooks, who died on February 10 at his home in New York City, embodied to a large extent the qualities of independence, self-reliance, energy, good humor, and blunt honesty which we like to think of as traits particularly characteristic of Americans.

Born on a farm in Wheelock, Texas, fifty-six years ago, by sheer native ability and industry he worked his way from the bottom to the approximate top of one of the largest corporations in America. At the age of twelve he entered the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in the town of his birth as a messenger boy on a stipend of eight dollars a month. By unremitting effort, in office and out, he mastered the Morse code, and a year later he was appointed a telegraph operator, the youngest in the business. His great industry and natural executive ability pulled him up the ladder of success over rungs that were the managements of offices at Waco, El

Paso, and Galveston, the position of assistant superintendent of the Denver office, and the general supervision of the Eastern Division, until in 1910 he was made general manager of the entire Western Union system.

In that position he was charged with the supreme responsibility for the management of the 28,000 offices and 50,000 employees of the gigantic telegraph company. As general manager, and later as a vice-president of the company—an office which he assumed in 1913 and held to his death—he was concerned with the most important steps in the later development of the Western Union, such as its affiliation with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the grouping of the business under six general divisions, and the schedule of pensions for employees adopted only a few months ago.

In all his dealings with other men, both in business and in the rub of every-day life, the warm, generous personality of the man stood out. He put his soul into his business, but he did not let his business warp his soul.

NOT EXTERMINATION BUT EMANCIPATION

Rudyard Kipling has sent out from Paris a statement which will dampen the generous ardor of the Allies and inflame the military ardor of the Germans, though he means it to have the opposite effect. He proclaims the present as a war of extermination. Hear him:

The idea is beginning to penetrate the Teuton's head that this is not a war of victories, but a war of extermination for his species.

When a whole nation goes into the trenches there can be no victories; there can only be killing; and at least three nations desire greedily that the Teuton be killed in retail since he cannot be killed in wholesale.

No Germany will remain. This may sound extravagant, but all that will remain will be a few people living on the eternal defensive in moral, social, and political trenches.

Rudyard Kipling does not represent the sentiment of America. We do not believe that he represents the sentiment of England.

Americans certainly do not wish, we do not believe that Englishmen wish, to exterminate the Germans or to destroy Germany. They wish to emancipate the Germans from the military power of Imperial Germany.

Germany is possessed by a devil—the devil

of militarism. Patriotic Germans have long tried by peaceable agitation, once by a futile revolution, to cast this devil out—and failed. What they have attempted to do and failed the Allies in sheer self-protection have resolved to do—and they will succeed. And when this devil of militarism is cast out the German people will become once more a sane and civilized people. The nation of materialism and militarism will become again the nation of music, art, literature, and philosophy.

Carl Schurz, probably the ablest representative Germany has ever had in the counsels of the United States, has said: "Every glance into the political life of America strengthens my convictions that the aim of a revolution can be nothing else than to make room for the will of the people—in other words, to break every authority which has its organization in the life of the state, and, as far as possible, to overturn the barriers to individual liberty."

This which Carl Schurz and his compatriots attempted to do for Germany in 1848, France, England, and Italy are resolved to do for themselves, for Europe, and therefore for Germany, in 1916. And the justification for their resolve is also furnished by Carl Schurz: "German unity, with a national Parliament, was won, not through a revolutionary uprising, but through a monarchical action and foreign wars." Foreign wars, which have conferred upon the German people German unity and a national Parliament, will yet confer upon them liberty—a government whose officials will be responsible, not to an imperial Cæsar, but to the people. This is not a war for the extermination of the German people; it is a war for their emancipation.

We wish that England would define this as her purpose, either by an act of Parliament or by a proclamation of the King.

Napoleon Bonaparte, in his first Italian campaign, issued to the Italian people the following proclamation:

"People of Italy! The French army advances to break your chains. The French people are the friends of all nations. In them you may confide. Your property, your religion, your customs, shall be respected. We will make war only as generous foes. Our sole quarrel is with the tyrants who enslave you."

If Napoleon had fulfilled this promise, he would have been the liberator of Italy. A Cavour, a Mazzini, a Garibaldi, would not

have been necessary. But Napoleon did not know what liberty meant. In 1796 the world had not yet learned the meaning of that word.

But in 1916 England, France, Italy, do know what liberty means. They have learned their lesson in the school of bitter experience. Why should they not repeat to Germany the proclamation of Napoleon to Italy of over a century ago? Why should they not say to the German people:

We do not hate you. We wish for you prosperity. We admire your thrift, your industry, your efficiency. We acknowledge our indebtedness to the great thinkers of your past. We do not fear your commercial rivalry. Freedom of commerce benefits all who engage in it. Your leaders lie to you in telling you we would interfere with the freedom of the seas. With you we have no quarrel. Our sole quarrel is with the tyrants who enslave you and who are using you to enslave others. We are resolved that all European nations, both small and great, shall enjoy the liberty which we have won for ourselves. We are resolved that Europe shall no longer be an armed camp; that her people shall no longer bear its needless and intolerable burden. Whenever your military leaders are ready to substitute government by the people for government by the sword we shall welcome peace.

Such a proclamation issued directly to the German people over the heads of their military rulers would at least help make clear to the people the real issue in this world campaign. There is but one objection; it is certainly serious, possibly politically conclusive:

Russia.

So long as a majority of the people of the North were unwilling to interfere with slavery, Abraham Lincoln discreetly withheld his proclamation of emancipation. When he issued that proclamation, the North indorsed it and the South was prepared for it. Is it possible that it is the will of God that this war shall not cease until Russia has learned the meaning of liberty, and the sword of militarism is sheathed by the Slav as well as by the Teuton? Perhaps.

And still we do not see why England, misunderstood by some other peoples and misinterpreted by some of her own, might not, by Act of Parliament or by royal proclamation, give to the German people an official interpretation of the spirit of her people and the purpose of her Government.

ON CATALOGUES

It is a gross and pernicious doctrine artfully put forward and religiously maintained by the average business man that the chief end of catalogues is to sell things. The manufacturer of contractors' supplies, drain-pipes, locomotives, wash-tubs, or walking-beams may with some slight shadow of sincerity assume this posture, but we suspect that even his catalogues are subject at least to the inevitable exception. No, catalogues are not meant to buy from, but to live in. The manufacturer of wash-tubs, for instance, runs the ever-present danger of meeting some romantically minded Simple Simon who unwarrantably chooses to view any picture of his product, not as a practical article of commerce, but as the encircling shore of an inland ocean full of piscatorial delights. If such is the fate in store for the creator of tubs, how can those business men who devote their time to the manufacture of even less materialistic devices ever hope to secure their bread and butter through the medium of multicolored pamphlets? How can the growers of flowers, the makers of guns and of tents, of fishing-tackle and motor cars, ever hope to translate the pleasure their catalogues give into so material a thing as dollars and cents?

Omar Khayyám was a tent-maker, and we suspect that in his time he issued one of the best sporting goods catalogues in history. We are led to this conclusion by the fact that he is better known for his poetry than his tents. We are inclined further to suspect that he chiefly stimulated his imagination by a perusal of his own business catalogue. Certainly his modern successors, and we are generous enough to include in this category almost all those who manufacture anything that can be eaten, worn, seen, or moved about in, are responsible for the stimulation of a great amount of imagination that might well find its outlet in better verse than we see blazoned upon our billboards or displayed on the inner frieze of our trolley cars.

The truth of this statement can readily be tested any day of the year and any place in the world. Just put, since we have been speaking of tent-makers, a sporting goods catalogue on the desk of any man who has the sense to know that rivers are something more than drinking water moving under the impetus of gravitation, that clouds were made for other purposes than to increase the sale of umbrellas, and that chopped liver is not nature's

solution to the problem of feeding baby trout—and watch the result. Or, some time in February, place on this same man's desk a seed catalogue that belongs not to the older generation of commercial uncandor, a generation which reveled in typographical orgies of colored ink and still more highly colored adjectives, but one of these modern seed catalogues, illustrated with faithful photographs that almost smell of wet spring earth, and again note what happens.

If your experiment makes this man forget his own business affairs, how can he be expected to remember the business affairs of the man who at one stroke has knocked him galley west into the middle of the Maine wilderness or the heart of a June garden? It is all very well to "stimulate interest" and "create desire" by the display of one's wares upon the printed page, but what can one expect to happen if the stimulator chooses to remove the stimulatee quite out of the world in which he happens to dwell into some fourth-dimensional existence where black flies are forgotten and the rosebug never troubles?

To throw a good customer into a trance seems to us very poor business. Who can guess at the number of profitless vacations (profitless to the sporting goods manufacturer) that have been spent in office chairs but which might have been spent in the open woods if the commercial stimulus to the imagination had been a little weaker and the stimulus to activity a little stronger! How many country homes have been decorated (in imagination) with plants destined to die unromantically in their native beds, when they might, under less vivid salesmanship, have actually taken root in some back-to-the-lander's garden plot?

Secure in this hypothesis, we can proceed to venture into our pile of spring catalogues with the same spirit of assurance with which the Merrimac launched her iron missiles against the wooden sides of the doomed Cumberland.

After all, we *might* make room for one new rosebush in the bed under the south window. . . .

And our fly-book needs three or four Parmachenee Belles, a Brown Hackle or two, and some No. 14 Black Gnats to make it (temporarily) complete. . . .

If we send the orders to-day, when *can* we get the goods? The mails are so slow!

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

“KEEP ON KEEPIN’ ON”

A FRIEND recently sent me some verses which he thought interpreted my message, or one of my messages, to the world. The first verse reads as follows :

“If the day looks kinder gloomy
And your chances kinder slim,
If the situation’s puzzlin’
And the prospect’s awful grim,
And perplexities keep pressin’
Till all hope is nearly gone,
Just bristle up and grit your teeth,
And keep on keepin’ on.”

In this paper I want to introduce to my readers three men of my acquaintance who have brought this message to me.

A little book in my library, small in size but fuller of value than some larger books, contains the life of John Carter. As a young man, he fell from a tree, dislocated his neck, and was paralyzed from his neck down. He could use neither hands nor feet. For the rest of his life he was a prisoner on his bed. His body was paralyzed, but not his spirit. He made his teeth serve the purpose of hands, and, holding now a pencil, now a brush between his teeth, learned to write, to draw, to paint. The story of his life contains reproductions of his work. “His energy,” says his biographer, “was alive, and he began accordingly, drawing sometimes upon a slate, sometimes upon pieces of paper pinned to the pillow, working first with a pencil, and afterwards with water-colors. The first piece produced in this way was a butterfly. . . . The insect was caught in the room, a sixpenny box of paints was sent for, and the drawing made forthwith.”

A neighbor of mine in our country home met with a similar accident. It left him some slight use of his arms, but helpless from his shoulders down. He contrived a rack on which a newspaper or a book could be placed before him so that he could read. Reading and calls from his friends were his only diversions. I used to call on him from time to time, and never without getting more from the call than I could give. I never saw him other than cheerful. He was a dispenser of sunshine. His courage overflowed and be-

came a benediction to every visitor. I quite sincerely believe that his influence in the village was greater than any he could have exerted had he spent in active life the years he spent imprisoned in his invalid chair. No preacher could have given with half the eloquence of his cheerful heart the message—

“Just keep on keepin’ on.”

To the familiar question, Who is your favorite author? I should reply, One of them is St. Paul—evangelist, poet, philosopher. I regard him as one among a score of most illuminating personalities in human history. I have a fair collection of books in my library interpretative of his career and character. Among them one of the first in value is “The Spiritual Development of St. Paul,” by George Matheson. It is a study of Paul’s writings by a spiritual poet, and discovers and interprets, as only such a poet can, the spiritual experience of this great dramatic philosopher of the Hebrew people.

It must be nearly or quite forty years ago that on a visit to England I made my way to Edinburgh to spend a Sunday there, largely that I might hear George Matheson preach. I then learned for the first time that he was absolutely blind. I could not have guessed it from his conduct of the services. No one led him to the pulpit; no one helped him up or down the pulpit stairs. He seemed to announce his hymns from the hymn-book; he seemed to read the Scripture lesson from the pulpit Bible. I learned afterward that he committed the Scripture lesson to memory, and really recited what he appeared to read, and that he had acquired by practice the ability to go with ease and without aid from the robing-room to and from the pulpit. He was living with two sisters, who gave themselves to their brother. One of them had learned the Hebrew and, I believe, the Greek language that she might read the Bible to him in the original tongues. He is known in all English-speaking lands as a spiritual interpreter of the Bible, both the Old Testament and the New. He is known in most Protestant churches by his famous hymn, “O Love that Will Not Let Me Go.” He is known throughout Scotland as one of the most

spiritually eloquent preachers in a land famous from before the days of Chalmers and Guthrie for its pulpit orators. Invited to his home, I found him one of the merriest of social companions. Poet, author, orator, scholar, social companion—and blind! Nothing I have ever read of his has impressed me as equaling in eloquence the eloquent message of his life:

“Just keep on keepin’ on.”

When I first became associated with Henry Ward Beecher in the editorship of what was then the “Christian Union,” it was just beginning to recover from a serious disaster due to a combination of causes, and its future was somewhat problematical. Its two editorial rooms were separated from the business offices only by a low partition, and every inquiry and every complaint came to my ears while I was vainly endeavoring to concentrate my attention on some editorial problem in politics or theology. The composing-room was in the attic, and just off from it was a storeroom full of discarded furniture—left-overs, I suppose, from more prosperous days. I cleared off a space on a discarded desk in this storeroom and retreated there on Monday morning, which was then our day for going to press, in order that I might write undisturbed. One morning I heard the door of this storeroom open, and then a queer scuffling noise upon the floor. Looking up, my eyes were greeted with a most pathetic sight.

A man perhaps between thirty and forty years of age was making his way slowly and laboriously toward me. My first impression that he was a dwarf a second glance corrected. He was on his knees; the legs below the knees were dragging on the floor behind him. Two short sticks serving the purpose of canes or crutches were under his arms, so that he was navigating his way in quadruped fashion. His clothes were scrupulously clean, he had a high forehead, fine hair, and an air of manly refinement illuminated his features with a life that was better than beauty. Whether his face could have been called handsome I did not ask myself then, and I could not tell now. It certainly was attractive. He had for sale some sort of soap warranted to take spots off from clothes. I made a purchase, and we fell into conversation. That morning, I am afraid, the printer had to wait a little for my editorial.

When my visitor learned my name, his face lighted up with a delightful smile of recog-

nition. “I am reading,” he said, “Mr. John S. C. Abbott’s ‘Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,’ and find it very interesting. I have one advantage over you. For you must have many social engagements; but I have none, and so I have my evenings for uninterrupted reading.” I afterwards called on him in his home. He occupied a comfortable and well-furnished flat on Sixth Avenue, and he introduced me to his wife. I asked her if they had any children. She laughed in reply: “He is all the children I want,” she said. And, in truth, it was quite evident that she had to dress and undress her husband as a mother her child or a nurse her patient. He and I became good friends, and when we met, as occasionally we did, on the street or in the cars, we always cordially greeted one another, sometimes to the evident surprise of other passengers. He told me that his nurse had let him fall when he was a baby, and paralysis was the result. It affected not only his limbs but his speech. It was difficult to understand him, for his words came out gurgling and in fragments like water poured out of a bottle turned upside down, and came with contortions of the mouth painful even to look upon, surely hard to endure. But he made a comfortable living by his trade, asked no man’s charity, and was beholden to no one. He set high store by his independence, and told me that when he was twelve years old, determined not to be a burden to his father, he ran away from home. I cannot even now think of that boy on his knees and extemporized crutches stumping away secretly some night from home to make his own way in the world without a queer feeling at the heart like tears and laughter intermingled.

He is no longer living. But I have never ceased to be grateful to him. He did me a world of good. For it was a time of great perplexity and some foreboding. I seemed to myself to have made a failure in the ministry. I wondered whether I was going to fail or to succeed in journalism. The conditions were difficult; the anxieties many; unsectarian journalism a doubtful experiment; and my ideals, both theological and sociological, far from popular. And I needed the message of his quite unconsciously brave life:

“Just keep on keepin’ on.”

There is only one irreparable loss—the loss of courage.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

BELGIUM

FROM THE SPEECH BY ELIHU ROOT, EX-SECRETARY OF STATE, DELIVERED
IN CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK, TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15

MEASURED and restrained expression, backed to the full by serious purpose, is strong and respected. Extreme and belligerent expression, unsupported by resolution, is weak and without effect. No man should draw a pistol who dares not shoot. The Government that shakes its fist first and its finger afterward falls into contempt.

Our diplomacy has lost its authority and influence because we have been brave in words and irresolute in action. Men may say that the words of our diplomatic notes were justified; men may say that our inaction was justified; but no man can say that both our words and our inaction were wise and creditable.

I have said that this Government lost the moral forces of the world by not truly interpreting the spirit of the American democracy.

DEMOCRACY AND HUMAN RIGHTS

The American democracy stands for something more than beef and cotton and grain and manufactures; stands for something that cannot be measured by rates of exchange and does not rise or fall with the balance of trade.

The American people achieved liberty and schooled themselves to the service of justice before they acquired wealth, and they value their country's liberty and justice above all their pride of possessions. Beneath their comfortable optimism and apparent indifference they have a conception of their great Republic as brave and strong and noble to hand down to their children the blessings of freedom and just and equal laws.

They have embodied their principles of government in fixed rules of right conduct which they jealously preserve, and with the instinct of individual freedom they stand for a government of laws and not of men. They deem that the moral laws which formulate the duties of men toward each other are binding upon nations equally with individuals.

Informed by their own experience, confirmed by their observation of international life, they have come to see that the independence of nations, the liberty of their peoples,

justice and humanity, cannot be maintained upon the complaisance, the good nature, the kindly feeling of the strong toward the weak; that real independence, real liberty, cannot rest upon sufferance; that peace and liberty can be preserved only by the authority and observance of rules of national conduct founded upon the principles of justice and humanity; only by the establishment of law among nations, responsive to the enlightened public opinion of mankind.

LIBERTY AND JUSTICE

To them liberty means not liberty for themselves alone, but for all who are oppressed. Justice means not justice for themselves alone, but a shield for all who are weak against the aggression of the strong. When their deeper natures are stirred, they have a spiritual vision in which the spread and perfection of free self-government shall rescue the humble who toil and endure from the hideous wrongs inflicted upon them by ambition and lust for power, and they cherish in their heart of hearts an ideal of their country loyal to the mission of liberty for the lifting up of the oppressed and bringing in the rule of righteousness and peace.

To this people the invasion of Belgium brought a shock of amazement and horror. The people of Belgium were peaceable, industrious, law-abiding, self-governing, and free. They had no quarrel with any one on earth. They were attacked by overwhelming military power; their country was devastated by fire and sword; they were slain by tens of thousands; their independence was destroyed and their liberty was subjected to the rule of an invader for no other cause than that they defended their admitted rights.

There was no question of fact; there was no question of law; there was not a plausible pretense of any other cause. The admitted rights of Belgium stood in the way of a mightier nation's purpose, and Belgium was crushed.

When the true nature of these events was realized, the people of the United States did not hesitate in their feeling or in their judgment. Deepest sympathy with downtrodden Belgium and stern condemnation of the in-

vader were practically universal. Wherever there was respect for law it revolted against the wrong done to Belgium. Wherever there was true passion for liberty it blazed out for Belgium. Wherever there was humanity it mourned for Belgium.

As the realization of the truth spread it carried a vague feeling that not merely sentiment but loyalty to the eternal principles of right was involved in the attitude of the American people.

MORAL TREASON

And it was so, for if the nations were to be indifferent to this great concrete case for a century of military power trampling under foot at will the independence, the liberty, and the life of a peaceful and unoffending people in repudiation of the faith of treaties and the law of nations and of morality and of humanity—if the public opinion of the world was to remain silent upon that, neutral upon that, then all talk about peace and justice and international law and the rights of man, the progress of humanity and the spread of liberty, is idle patter—mere weak sentimentality; then opinion is powerless and brute force rules and will rule the world. If no difference is recognized between right and wrong, then there are no moral standards. There come times in the lives of nations as of men when to treat wrong as if it were right is treason to the right.

The American people were entitled not merely to feel but to speak concerning the wrong done to Belgium. It was not like interference in the internal affairs of Mexico or any other nation, for this was an international wrong. The law protecting Belgium which was violated was our law and the law of every other civilized country. For generations we had been urging on and helping in its development and establishment. We had spent our efforts and our money to that end.

In legislative resolution and executive declaration and diplomatic correspondence and special treaties and international conferences and conventions we had played our part in conjunction with other civilized countries in making that law. We had bound ourselves by it, we had regulated our conduct by it, and we were entitled to have other nations observe it.

That law was the protection of our peace and security. It was our safeguard against the necessity of maintaining great armaments

and wasting our substance in continual readiness for war. Our interest in having it maintained as the law of nations was a substantial, valuable, permanent interest, just as real as your interest and mine in having maintained and enforced the laws against assault and robbery and arson which protect our personal safety and property.

DUTY OF THE UNITED STATES

Moreover, that law was written into a solemn and formal convention and signed and ratified by Germany and Belgium and France and the United States in which those other countries agreed with us that the law should be observed. When Belgium was invaded, that agreement was binding not only morally but strictly and technically, because there was then no nation a party to the war which was not also a party to the convention.

The invasion of Belgium was a breach of contract with us for the maintenance of a law of nations which was the protection of our peace, and the interest which sustained the contract justified an objection to its breach. There was no question here of interfering in the quarrels of Europe. We had a right to be neutral, and we were neutral as to the quarrel between Germany and France, but when as an incident to the prosecution of that quarrel Germany broke the law which we were entitled to have preserved and which she had agreed with us to preserve, we were entitled to be heard in the assertion of our own National right.

With the right to speak came responsibility, and with responsibility came duty—duty of government toward all the peaceful men and women in America not to acquiesce in the destruction of the law which protected them, for if the world assents to this great and signal violation of the law of nations, then the law of nations no longer exists, and we have no protection save in subserviency or in force.

And with the right to speak there came to this, the greatest of neutral nations, the greatest of free democracies, another duty to the cause of liberty and justice for which America stands—duty to the ideals of America's nobler nature, duty to the honor of her past and the hopes of her future; for this law was a bulwark of peace and justice to the world, it was a barrier to the spread of war, it was a safeguard to the independence and liberty of all small, weak states.

It marks the progress of civilization. If

the world consents to its destruction, the world turns backward toward savagery, and America's assent would be America's abandonment of the mission of democracy.

FALSE NEUTRALITY

Yet the American Government acquiesced in the treatment of Belgium and the destruction of the law of nations. Without one word of objection or dissent to the repudiation of law or the breach of our treaty or the violation of justice and humanity in the treatment of Belgium, our Government enjoined upon the people of the United States an indiscriminating and all-embracing neutrality, and the President admonished the people that they must be neutral in all respects, in act and word and thought and sentiment.

We were to be, not merely neutral as to the quarrels of Europe, but neutral as to the treatment of Belgium, neutral between right and wrong, neutral between justice and injustice, neutral between humanity and cruelty, neutral between liberty and oppression.

Our Government did more than acquiesce, for in the first Lusitania note, with the unspeakable horrors of the conquest of Belgium still fresh in our minds, on the very day after the report of the Bryce Commission on Belgian atrocities, it wrote these words to the Government of Germany:

Recalling the humane and enlightened attitude hitherto assumed by the Imperial German Government on matters of international right, and particularly with regard to the freedom of the seas, having learned to recognize the German views and the German influence in the field of international obligation as always engaged upon the side of justice and humanity, etc.

And so the Government of the United States appeared as approving the treatment of Belgium. It misrepresented the people of the United States in that acquiescence and apparent approval. It was not necessary that the United States should go to war in defense of the violated law.

ARE WE WEAK AND SORDID?

A single official expression by the Government of the United States, a single sentence denying assent and recording disapproval of what Germany did in Belgium, would have given to the people of America that leadership to which they were entitled in their earnest groping for the light.

It would have ranged behind American leadership the conscience and morality of the neutral world. It would have brought to American diplomacy the respect and strength of loyalty to a great cause.

But it was not to be. The American Government failed to rise to the demands of the great occasion. Gone were the old love of justice, the old passion for liberty, the old sympathy with the oppressed, the old ideals of an America helping the world toward a better future, and there remained in the eyes of mankind only solicitude for trade and profit and prosperity and wealth.

The American Government could not really have approved the treatment of Belgium, but under a mistaken policy it shrank from speaking the truth. That vital error has carried into every effort of our diplomacy the weakness of a false position.

Every note of remonstrance against interference with trade, or even against the destruction of life, has been projected against the background of an abandonment of the principles for which America once stood, and has been weakened by the popular feeling among the peoples of Europe, whose hearts are lifted up by the impulses of patriotism and sacrifice, that America has become weak and sordid.

Such policies as I have described are doubly dangerous in their effect upon foreign nations and in their effect at home. It is a matter of universal experience that a weak and apprehensive treatment of foreign affairs invites encroachments upon rights, and leads to situations in which it is difficult to prevent war, while a firm and frank policy at the outset prevents difficult situations from arising and tends most strongly to preserve peace.

On the other hand, if a Government is to be strong in its diplomacy, its own people must be ranged in its support by leadership of opinion in a national cause worthy to awaken their patriotism and devotion.

STUMBLING TOWARDS WAR

We have not been following the path of peace. We have been blindly stumbling along the road that, continued, will lead to inevitable war. Our diplomacy has dealt with symptoms and ignored causes. The great decisive question upon which our peace depends is the question whether the rule of action applied to Belgium is to be tolerated. If it is tolerated by the civilized world, this nation will have to fight for its life. There

will be no escape. That is the critical point of defense for the peace of America.

LOST LEADERSHIP

When our Government failed to tell the truth about Belgium, it lost the opportunity

for leadership of the moral sense of the American people, and it lost the power which a knowledge of that leadership and a sympathetic response from the moral sense of the world would have given to our diplomacy.

ARMED MERCHANTMEN WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT THEM?

BY ELLERY C. STOWELL

Germany has issued a new warning to the world—that she will sink passenger liners and other merchant vessels after March 1 if they carry guns for defending themselves. The American State Department had already issued to the Governments of the Allies a suggestion that they disarm these merchant vessels, so that they could not defend themselves against German submarines, and intimated that it was about ready to decide to shut out from American harbors all merchant vessels that were not disarmed. The Outlook commented upon this American memorandum in the issue for February 9 before it was published, but when its substance was known abroad as well as here. The American memorandum and, in substance, the German threat have both now been published. An account of them appears elsewhere in this issue. These two documents aroused great opposition among the Allies, and the American position on the subject was regarded as scarcely friendly. The situation betokened trouble for the United States. Is Germany within her rights in making this threat? Would the United States be acting lawfully in attempting to require that merchant vessels be disarmed in accordance with the German demand? These are questions of international law. We have therefore asked Mr. Stowell, who is Assistant Professor of International Law and Diplomacy at Columbia University and a recognized authority, to answer some questions which this situation raises, and we here print our questions and his answers.—THE EDITORS.

***I**S the question of armed merchant vessels likely to get us into a war?*

It is sure to involve us in difficulties, and it may possibly lead to war.

With whom might it bring us into war?

If we carry out Secretary Lansing's suggestion (as contained in his note of January 18), so that merchant vessels have to be disarmed to enter our ports, such British merchant vessels will be in greater danger of being sunk. By disarming merchantmen we strike at Great Britain's rights, and she will have to take action to defend them. On the other hand, if we do not carry out Secretary Lansing's suggestion, Germany's apparent yielding on the Lusitania controversy will almost certainly prove to be a will-o'-the-wisp, and the controversy will become still more acute, if that be possible.

Have we a right to keep armed merchantmen out of our ports?

Merchantmen have a right to come and go in our ports. That they are armed does not change the fact that they are merchantmen; therefore we have no right to close our ports to them or to put any limit upon their armament for defensive purposes. In theory, this Government can close its ports any time it considers it has a National interest so to do, but it cannot discriminate against any one nation or attempt to exclude certain ships for reasons that do not concern our own vital interests or international law.

If France, one of the Allies, has a law which prevents the arming of merchantmen, why should we not be free to adopt it and act on it?

France may have such a law which she

applies to her own ships at her pleasure. To-morrow she may modify this law and claim the right to arm her merchantmen. We have no control or concern with the particular system that France applies in this regard, and it does not affect the general principle. France has a perfect right to arm her merchantmen, but she simply does not take advantage of it. It would be a similar kind of logic to call submarines illegal because Serbia did not use them.

Have we a right to warn Americans not to travel on armed vessels?

Our Government might warn them of the dangers of such travel, unnecessary as that seems; but the Government has no right to restrict their traveling on such vessels where they have a right to go.

Is it the patriotic duty of Americans to keep off belligerent vessels and travel exclusively in American or neutral vessels?

It has never been considered a part of American patriotism to forego the exercise of the rights of an American citizen, especially when the interests of the individual are important enough to lead him to risk his life for them. In these circumstances it is his country's duty to protect him and not to ask him to forego his rights so as to relieve it of its legitimate responsibilities to him. If the neutral Governments had been careful at the beginning of the war to insist upon the observance of neutral rights, this question would never have been asked.

If Great Britain during the Russo-Japanese War warned her subjects not to travel on belligerent vessels, why should it not be honorable for the American Government to issue a similar warning to American citizens?

Great Britain had in the seas where naval operations were conducted the finest fleet of merchant vessels of any nation, and the warning which she issued to her citizens put them to no inconvenience, but was perhaps a disguised way of increasing the patronage of British liners. Great Britain's action was mostly political. She never would have recognized that she *must* issue such a warning, and the effect upon either belligerent was of trifling importance. It has no bearing on the submarine issue. British subjects traveling in Russian or Japanese vessels were likely to be captured and otherwise inconvenienced. Her warning brought to their attention the inevitable consequences of a

state of war, and did not in any way diminish the protection which she intended to accord them.

If Americans, after we have warned them to keep off armed merchantmen, should be sunk by a torpedo without warning, would this Government be justified in refusing to take any action?

Certainly not.

Have merchantmen customarily had the right to carry arms?

Merchantmen have a right, founded upon custom of long standing, to arm for self-defense.

Is not the right of merchantmen to arm intended to protect them against the attack of pirates?

That was one of the incidents of the right to arm for defense, and if our vessels should go without arms we might see a sudden sporadic development of piracy, so valuable have modern merchantmen become. But the principal object of the defense was against privateers, to which the modern converted cruiser or other form of commerce-destroyer bears some likeness.

Is there any justness in the plea that merchantmen should be unarmed because submarines are weak?

It would be a curious doctrine which should ask one country to weaken its methods of protection against another, so that its enemy might more easily attack it. If the submarine is practically powerless against an armed merchantman, it had better not attempt to hold up a quarry stronger than itself. This is but the universal law of every creature hunting its prey. Of course the United States might step in and add its might to the puny strength of the submarine. That really would amount to intervention. It might take the form of a note, but it would be backed by America's potential strength.

Would American intervention in this question on the side of the submarines be in accordance with our traditional policy to defend the rights of humanity, our own general interests, and the security of sea-borne commerce?

America's action would be hurtful from all these points of view. It would break down a recognized rule of international law, and thus shake the foundations of the system upon which the rights of all humanity and our own National security rest. It would

further inconvenience the international commerce of the United States with all other countries, since it would help to place thousands of tons of shipping at the mercy of German submarines.

Has the United States a right to modify a rule of international law while the war is going on?

Neither in peace nor in war can a single nation by its own action change an accepted international rule. We could not, therefore, expect during the war to change the rule of the seas that merchantmen have a right to arm. If, however, it were very dangerous to our security to admit such armed merchantmen to our harbors, we might decide to shut them out. If our only munition works were located at our ports and a shot from a merchantman would explode them, we might refuse the admission of such merchantman for the sake of protecting our own munition plants. That is an instance of vital interest which would give a good cause for the exclusion, just as we might, for the safety of the locks, decide to prohibit ships carrying great quantities of high explosives from going through the Panama Canal. Unless, however, we have some such good reason as that, the exclusion of armed merchantmen from our ports might well be regarded as an unfriendly act, and an unfriendly act in time of war is a good ground for war. But even if we should go to war to prevent armed merchantmen from coming into our harbors, that would not deprive merchantmen of the right to sail armed on the high seas.

What effect will Secretary Lansing's proposal to disarm merchantmen have on the Lusitania case?

It leaves the Lusitania case the way it was on May 7, 1915—the day she was sunk. It may, indeed, possibly be interpreted as a justification for Germany's whole submarine conduct.

Why does Germany think she has the right to torpedo armed vessels without warning?

Germany has practically admitted that her procedure was illegal under international law, but has justified her conduct on the ground of retaliation for Great Britain's interference with neutral commerce bound to Germany. England in her attempt to beleaguer Germany has brought the German civilian population to want, and Germany retaliates by sinking passenger vessels contain-

ing non-combatants, women, and children, and drops bombs from her Zeppelins upon the English population. This policy of one country's getting even for the misdeeds of another is called reprisal.

Is there anything in this reprisal idea?

I can only answer that our whole legal system of punishment has been a slow development from the primitive forms of retaliation. The Bible makes constant reference to the law of the talion—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

What kind of reprisals should America approve of and be willing to practice herself in case of war?

Reprisals smell of barbarism. "Getting even" soon gets belligerents into a state of complete savagery. A civilized country should exercise the utmost care in the matter of reprisals. It should never employ any reprisals which will injure innocent parties, such as neutral citizens. Non-combatants should not be made the object of reprisals except in retaliation for the unjustifiable killing of non-combatants, and even in this case there is the strongest reason to believe that the most effective form of reprisal is to bite one's lip and to utilize the surging indignation in one's heart to spur the nation on to more effective military operations against the enemy. We all remember, as children, how relieved we were when we had spluttered and kicked the door. The strong, quiet man holds his temper in check and is feared by all. The British nation, in the case of Miss Cavell, did not shoot some poor German nurse detained in England, but they flashed over the cables of the world the sad tale of this heroic woman, they built hospitals in her name, and displayed her pictures as a stimulus to recruiting. Such reprisals are the most effective form of retaliation. As the law of war is ever in accord with effective warfare, the barbarous eye for an eye, a life for a life, form of reprisal will soon be discarded by the more advanced civilizations.

If England should agree to the proposal to disarm her vessels, would it make travel any safer for Americans on British liners?

Quite the contrary, I believe. In the first place, the submarines could not be sure whether the vessel they were approaching was one of those which had disarmed or not. Probably, therefore, the submarine would prefer to torpedo and put the best face pos-

sible upon the necessities of the particular case. I would prefer to take my chances on an armed liner with good-sized guns and trained gunners than to be put out at short notice far from land in a small boat.

Suppose the vessels were disarmed and one of them was sunk by a submarine, what could we say if Germany claimed she was armed?

It would be hard for our State Department to do anything more than insist upon as thorough an investigation as possible. Several months after the war was over we might find that American lives had been lost in violation of international law. Germany would hardly fear the probability of war at such a time, and, in any event, she could easily make adequate redress and admit the illegality of her action, since the need to use her submarines would then have passed, and she would have garnered the fruit of illegality.

Is the stand that Secretary Lansing has taken helpful in protecting private property at sea?

Quite the contrary. It would open up the widest possibilities for cheaply constructed and widely cruising submarines to drive private property from the seas.

How is this going to affect the Kansas farmer?

The Kansas farmer of middle age has an interest in the coming twenty years and in the future of his children. The Kansas farmer will find that his products will be consumed in increasing measure in all parts of the world. Should another war unhappily occur, he will be among the first to feel the consequences of any interference with the freedom of commerce upon the seas. Even now, as the war progresses, he will find that the lack of shipping to carry his products will restrict his market to America and curtail the prices which he might receive for his farm products.

What interest has the Southern cotton-grower in this question?

The same general interest as the Kansas farmer. Although England's interference with neutral trade has been a sore grievance and an unwarrantable interference with the rights of the Southern cotton-grower in many cases, he must never forget that the enormous consumption of cotton for high explosives has opened up to him a great market in the Allies' territory. The extension of illegal submarine operations against commerce might seriously interfere with his mar-

ket. If Germany were successful in destroying all of the Allies' merchantmen, what guarantee would the cotton-grower have that she would not further extend her action to permit her to destroy all neutral vessels carrying cotton as contraband? We have already seen how easy it is to sink an unarmed neutral merchantman in the case of the Frye. After Germany had carried on successful submarine operations against neutral and belligerent Powers, it might be impossible for the South to find any means of transporting its cotton to markets abroad. Let us take appropriate action to open up the markets to which we have a right in Germany, but not proceed on a path which will destroy our only remaining market with the Allies.

Could Great Britain establish a boycott of American goods in retaliation for our insistence upon the disarmament of her merchantmen?

She would be perfectly justified in such a course, but it is questionable whether such a boycott might not cause her more inconvenience than profit. The American people may rest assured that Great Britain will find some effective way of maintaining her rights to protect her merchantmen against an illegal method of warfare.

Has the submarine now any rights that anybody is bound to respect, and, if so, what are they?

The submarine engaged in operations against war-ships, transports, scout vessels, or any other military force, has all the rights that appertain to belligerents. It is only when the submarine attempts to disregard the recognized procedure concerning the visit and search of merchantmen that it is guilty of transgression. If persisted in, such transgression must justify merchant vessels in sinking any submarine at sight. Instead of asking that merchantmen disarm so that the submarine may easily conform to the recognized rules of visit and search before sinking them, a more fitting course for our Government to take would be to devise some still more effective method to prevent such attacks. I would go further: If the submarines persist in their illegal sinking of merchantmen without previous visit and search, the American Government should join in clearing the seas of these enemies to civilization. What greater enemy can there be to mankind than he who violates international law and humanity?

A NATIONAL REORGANIZATION FOR DEFENSE

A PROPOSAL BEFORE THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

THE present equipment of our Government to handle National defense can be simply shown by the four circles and the four arrows in the first of the diagrams published on the next page. As this diagram indicates, the will of Congress is executed by the President acting through the Departments of War and of the Navy. At the head of the permanent personnel of the army there is a General Staff, the function of which is the formulation of plans of defense and the solution of our military problems. The navy has no such legally constituted General Staff.

We have, then, a legislative body acting through an Executive whose tenure of office has never been more than eight years; who controls two professional departments (one inadequately organized) by means of two civilian secretaries whose tenure of office is more uncertain than that of the President himself. The professional officers of the army and navy can reach Congress only through committee hearings and through the reports made by their civilian chiefs. Two things are at once obvious from a study of this system of organization.

Its framework is of necessity subject to frequent political dislocations.

It makes no provision for the co-ordination of our civil industries with our two great military departments.

If we redraw our first diagram to remedy these faults, we must add two dotted circles and three arrows. One circle will represent a Council of National Defense, a body largely free from the shock of political conflict, and a smaller circle for a yet-to-be-created General Staff of Industries.

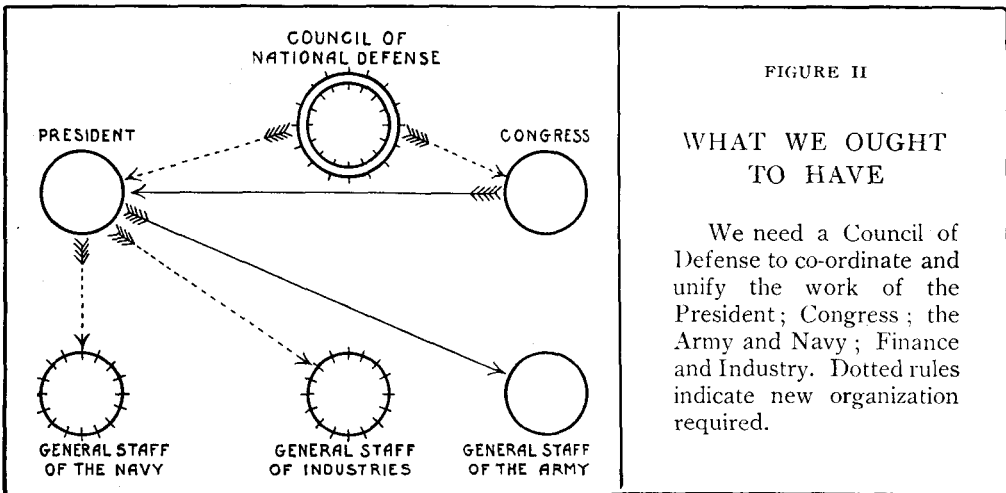
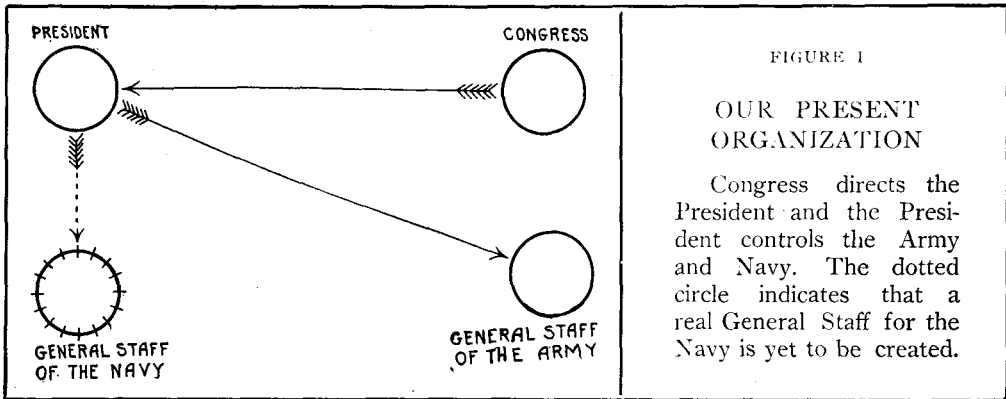
It will be seen by a glance at the accompanying diagram that a Council of National Defense (composed of legislators, executive officers, military experts, and leaders in civil life) would be in a position both to formulate an intelligent programme of preparedness and to make its recommendations directly felt in the halls of Congress. It would constitute a clearing-house of military, industrial, and legislative information; its members would be directly represented in every department of the Government dealing with the

problem of National defense. These departments in their turn would find in the Council a common field for the co-ordination of their efforts and the expression of their needs.

The widespread demand for this Council of National Defense has been very clearly stated in the recent report made by a Committee on National Defense to the Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States recently assembled in convention at Washington. This report covers fully the principles of reorganization which we have here outlined. It was illustrated by a diagram substantially the same as that which we have published as Figure II. Indeed, we owe the idea of these diagrams to a member of the Committee which prepared the diagram for the Chamber of Commerce. This report represented the unanimous opinion of the Committee responsible for it, and was adopted without a dissenting vote by the convention of the Chamber of Commerce assembled at Washington. It will now be prepared as a referendum to be submitted for the vote of the various affiliated Chambers of Commerce throughout the country. The action taken by these bodies will, it is expected, be made public some time in the early part of May.

This excellent report demands, as the first requirement for a sound reorganization of a military resource, a Council of National Defense. It advocates legislation creating for the navy a General Staff along the lines of that already possessed by the army; it advocates the creation of a staff of industrial mobilization which shall be given the power to work out and submit to Congress plans for the use of the National economic strength in time of war. According to the recommendations of this Committee, the functions of the staff of Industrial Mobilization would be to gather data as to the character and quantity of munitions and supplies required; the tools of industry available to produce them; and the means of making these tools of industry effective through legislation, organization, and training.

Concerning purely military and naval pre-



paredness the Committee wisely bases its conclusions upon the actual foreign policies of our country. The Committee says:

The United States has adopted certain American policies, a number of which have been referred to by the President in recent addresses. The Monroe Doctrine, the new Pan-Americanism which marks its latest phase, Asiatic exclusion, the open door in China, the principles of the freedom of the seas, and the insurance of our proper influence in the enforcement of international law, all these policies—which are coming to constitute something akin to National creed—will never lead us to aggression, but they may, on the other hand, readily provoke others to a course of offense.

Of our naval needs the Committee says;

The navy as the first line of defense of the country and the army as the second line of defense should be developed in accordance with a continuous policy laid down by the Council of National Defense acting under orders and

advice from the President of the United States and the Congress, whose duty it is to determine the policy of the United States in relation to the rest of the world.

It is the opinion of the Committee that the strength of the navy should be increased with all despatch until it shall be sufficient to restore the United States to its former position of second naval Power in the Atlantic, with a surplus in the Pacific sufficient to insure therein to the United States the command of its coasts, its possessions, and its trade routes, and to protect from invasion the Canal Zone and its adjacent territory.

More important, perhaps, than its recommendations concerning the size of our navy are the principles which this Committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce lays down as requisite for the democratic organization of our military resources. The Committee says:

Behind the navy, and constituting the second line of defense, should be the army of the

United States. Your Committee in its present state of knowledge, on the subject does not desire to enter into the discussion of technical questions. It is, however, quite clear in one or two points in connection therewith: First, that a highly efficient regular army with reserves be maintained which shall be sufficient to do the peace-time military duty of the United States, furnish garrisons for our oversea possessions and our harbor defenses, take the first shock of war, and be the training-school for officers of the higher ranks. Back of this professional army there should be the entire organized and trained manhood of the Nation. Your Committee believes that there can be no military organization in a great democracy such as ours which will be either desirable or safe, much less adequate, unless it lays down for all time the principle that equal rights mean equal obligations. No organization can be sound in a democracy which does not recognize this principle.

In the great scheme of National defense there can be no question of rich or poor, privilege or non-privilege. There can only be organization on the basis of each individual's capacity to serve, either in arms or in the industrial mobilization. It must be supported by an enthusiastic patriotism, tempered with good judgment and the realization of every individual that he

has a vital stake in the continuation of the life of the nation.

Those who fear that the so-called Preparedness Propaganda is based on purely selfish interests in the profits to be received from the making of war munitions should note carefully the following recommendation:

We believe that no plan of National defense should be adopted which will permit, due to the outbreak of war, any profit arising out of the National danger to any one. . . .

The Committee realizes that this or any other adequate plan of National defense necessarily involves the raising and spending of large sums of money. To carry this burden the Federal Government should closely examine its present expenditures for all purposes and then courageously assess the necessary new requirements upon the people of the Nation. The Committee is certain that the Nation will respond and that the Chamber of Commerce of the United States will support the Government in its requests for adequate funds.

It is to be hoped that in the referendum on the principles of reorganization here outlined the stand taken by this Washington Convention will be heartily supported by the business men of the country.

THE PRE-NOMINATION CAMPAIGN

THE SOUTHERN RENAISSANCE

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

YOU can get in the South a glimpse of what real economic preparedness means. The British navy has conferred a great boon upon the South, and incidentally upon the whole country! The cotton blockade has driven the South rapidly to the diversification of crops. Cotton is no longer the blind and arrogant king. And prosperity in the South is no longer the sport of domestic cotton corners or uncontrollable circumstance, whether boll-weevilish or international.

A little more than a year ago the South was in the midst of economic pandemonium and hysteria. Up in the North we thought, and I do not know but what we think yet, that the South had lain down on its job, and was around with its hat in its hand asking everybody please to buy a bale of cotton, and pleading for unsafe and unbusinesslike financial advances, while the Dixie banks were planning to violate the Anti-Trust Law by

refusing credit to the farmers who would not cut down their cotton acreage in order to keep up the price! Well, there were symptoms of that. But the symptoms did not last long. Underneath the surface hysteria there was the best economic leadership at work that perhaps this country ever saw in a crisis. I heard about it from a variety of sources. The leadership came to the front in many parts of the South, but by common consent there was none more expert and unselfish than that of Colonel E. J. Watson, the State Commissioner of Agriculture for South Carolina. During the winter of 1914-15, while the price of cotton fell lower and lower, and many counties of the South were in the grip of a panic of fear and loss, he and his lieutenants went in automobiles to every crossroads in the State of South Carolina and preached the doctrine of diversification of crops and the raising of live stock to vast gatherings of agitated and helpless farmers. I listened to his

modest recital of the way it was done with feelings akin to those which would arise if I had heard Sheridan tell about halting Early in the Shenandoah Valley.

Farmers went from the crossroads back to work with a will that would not be denied. The panic ceased all over the South. There may be some reaction from that winter of education, but the South will never go back to the one-crop idea, with its ever-present train of evils of soil exhaustion and credit serfdom and wasteful buying from other sections of the country of the daily supplies of which the Southern farmer stands in need. Never again will the South put all its eggs into one basket.

But what a revolution! Does the North know that, not simply in muniton spots, as in the North, but generally in the agricultural South, there is a glow of prosperity which that section never knew before? At the end of the year 1915 the people of the South had produced more wealth than in any other year of their history. Less cotton, but more money for it than ever before. A greater demand came from domestic cotton mills to offset the loss abroad. But not only that. The grain crop of 1915 is a hundred million dollars in excess of the most profitable cotton crop ever gathered in the South. Hay, corn, oats, hogs, and cattle piled high on the credit side of the ledger. It is probably the quickest instance of economic recovery ever known. The dark cloud which has so long hung over the industrial South is becoming fringed with a very broad golden lining. And it is still the idealism of the soil which sways the imagination in that section of the country.

The growing National sentiment of the South is indicated also by the attitude of mind of many of the most thoughtful persons I met in the matter of child labor. Frequently I was warned that the North should not get an unreasonable abolitionist twist of view with respect to the cotton mill and the labor of children. Personally I have not seen many of the cotton mills of the South, although I visited what are said to be fair samples of them, and I am fairly familiar with the evidence and arguments upon both sides of the question. I talked with one of the foremost North Carolinians, who is among the scientific investigators of child labor for the National Government. He is a college classmate of mine, and he spoke freely. He believes that the cotton mill is the economic savior of the poor white, and is doing more

to lift him out of his dirt and poverty and moral degradation than all the influences of all the churches and schools for a generation. He said that the only fair way is to compare the child and the mother and father on the farm with the child and the mother and father in the mill. In the course of two or three years the children, in particular, show physical and mental and moral gain. The better food and shelter, the sanitation, the welfare work of the cotton-mill community, are remaking the tenant white child. He would continue child labor, under reasonable restrictions, at least for one generation. I do not think that necessary or desirable. But I must admit that I found many others of unimpeachable integrity of thinking and observation who agreed, in the main, with his facts if not with his conclusions. I do not agree with him. Rather do I think that the work of the redemption of the South should begin with the farm. It is a recreated and redeemed rural South which is of the greatest value to the Nation. There must be some Birminghams, and what Sidney Lanier, the prophet as well as the poet of the new agricultural South, railed at as "the hell smoke of the factories." And where there is so much raw material and raw labor and raw power flowing out of the Appalachian Mountains there must be many power looms. And rapidly most of the new spindles in the country are being installed in the South. In the phrase of a young newspaper man whom I met in Columbia, "Nothing can prevail against a cotton mill with the cotton-field at one door and the music of the turbine water-wheel singing at the other." But the place to provide for the welfare of the child is on the farm and not in the cotton mill, which, whether benevolently or malevolently, is exploiting the bone and sinew of the white rural South.

The leaders of public opinion in the South generally, however, seem to me to be falling in line with Northern sentiment. No, that is not a fair way to put it. Some of the finest and most generous sentiment against child labor was expressed to me by leaders in the South, and among mill-owners and managers themselves there are many examples of desire to promote the welfare of the cotton-mill child and his parent. I think the chance of a modern Dickens to exploit cotton-mill fiction is fading. The native Southern mill-owner, like the native Southern railway-owner before him, has developed brutality in less degree than some of his Northern proto-

types. Some of the largest mill-owners whose names I heard again and again in the South are at heart stanch friends of strict child-labor legislation. They fail, however, and grow timid and class-conscious when they talk with their less friendly cotton comrades. But, from what I learned, I think the evils of child labor are likely soon to disappear, and with a minimum of friction and antagonism, if some of the Northern cotton capitalists who are becoming interested in Southern mills keep their hands off.

It seems to me that it is one of the real signs of the times that the Keating-Owen Bill, controlling child labor through act of the Nation, finds so little genuine opposition on that account in the South. I asked often about that, and nearly every prominent Southern leader with whom I talked, who was at the same time interested in the child labor problem, said to me that he was, of course, for action by the State if that would do the work. But he had been brought around to the National point of view by the slowness of radical action on the part of the best of the native mill-owners, and the opposition to an adequate inspection on the part of the less reputable Southern owners.

But to appreciate the giant strides which have been made I think one must recall what have been the vast obstacles to progress. My friends in the South again and again called my attention to the appalling poverty which overtook that section for a generation after the Civil War. It was not until 1900 that the whole South regained its per capita wealth of 1860. Progress and dire poverty never yet walked hand in hand. And, besides, the medical picture of the South which I had presented to me was that of Africa as well as Europe. The two races, the blacks and the whites, have contributed their diseases to each other. The European diseases of tuberculosis, gonorrhœa, and syphilis have spread fast and far among the blacks in the towns, while malaria and the hookworm, African diseases, have spread fast and far among the whites in the country. The Government authorities in Washington estimate the number of whites who are thus more or less incapacitated as probably thirty per cent. Add to this the continuing existence of the biological paradox, a black race in large numbers living side by side in increasing competition with the white race. These facts tell their own story, and they need no interpretation.

In spite of its many handicaps, the spirit of the Southern people with respect to social preparedness for a true National life is most inspiring. There is no section of the Union which is making such rapid advances in education. New brick school-houses are springing up everywhere. The praise of the devotion and sacrifice of the country school-teacher I heard sung on every hand. These young women are regarded as veritable missionaries of civilization in the South. Many young women have also become farm demonstrators in home economics under the National Government. And Mr. Secretary Houston, of the Department of Agriculture, told me that their faithfulness and enthusiasm for their work are beyond eulogy.

Have you heard of the famous tomato and corn clubs that are now organized in many States of the country? They originated in Aiken County, South Carolina, in the brain of a little school-teacher named Marie Cromer, who was getting thirty dollars a month. She asked her pupils one day, "What are you doing to help 'maw'?" They all "allowed" that they were not "doin' nothin' much." She started them to doing something. She got each of them to begin with about the easiest cultivated plant, the tomato, on a tenth of an acre of ground, and the most efficient cultivator was to receive a prize. All the tomato clubs in the country started from that. Thousands of cans of tomatoes are now produced in Aiken County alone. Then Jerry Moore got two thousand boys of the State into corn clubs. And there are now forty thousand throughout the South. These boys learn how to produce corn at the lowest possible cost.

And now the movement is spreading into the mill towns through the initiative of Mr. James L. Carbury. Flower gardens in the front yard, tomato crops in the rear. And on the heels of these, better babies' clubs, athletic directors, annual field days, and all sorts of mill welfare work. And, finally, along comes the State Bureau of mill welfare, the State planning to make the employer "come across" for the support of this department, because he gets one hundred per cent efficiency instead of fifty or seventy-five or eighty. "By George!" said one mill-owner; "I used to get not much more than fifty per cent of the hands at work on Monday morning. And there were almost always two or three cutting scrapes or shooting scrapes, and a lot of men in the calaboose. Now I get a

good deal nearer one hundred per cent efficiency on Monday morning, and I am willing to pay for it." So that now the movement leads towards the lifting upward of the one hundred and sixty thousand men, women, and children in the mill families of the State of South Carolina, and will eventually spread throughout the South, with the intent that the whole mill population shall live in a healthier, cheaper, better, happier way. And you can trace it all to the little school-teacher.

And the psychology of it is right. In one of the great South Carolina mills near Columbia is a concrete example. A little mill girl, under the leadership of her teacher, made the best record in the mill tomato club, and then she woke up. It was first the tomato, then the book. She got a scholarship, and went through Winthrop College. Several more from the same mill are now in Winthrop College. Oh, the South is looking up! There are economic and social and even political movements in parts of it that amount to a spiritual renaissance.

Of course that section has a long way to go. Appalling ignorance and poverty from the post-bellum days grapple with tremendous enthusiasm and idealism. For some time to come there will be danger of the demagogue getting into the driver's seat and plying the lash over ignorance and poverty. That is the meaning of Blease in South Carolina, and of Tom Watson in Georgia, who was probably more responsible than anybody else for the formidable social frothings and the burst of anti-Semitism in the Frank case, and who is now engaged in spreading in Georgia and Florida and throughout his corner of the South the noisome infection of anti-Catholic bitterness and rancor.

The great obstacle in the land of Dixie to National progress and to the genuine discussion of the crisis which confronts the Nation is the one-party system which prevails in that section. The so-called reconstruction policy is responsible for that. So long as there is the slightest remaining fear of even a Negro balance of power between two parties there will never be two parties. White solidarity and rulership in the presence of a race regarded as inferior, like necessity, know neither law nor party cleavage of opinion. Southerners as individuals have opposing ideas on many matters of National concern. But in politics there is only one issue. And the result is that politics in the South rages hotly about personalities, and not about ideas.

As in South Carolina, for example, all the State candidates on agreed-upon days make together the circle of the counties of the Commonwealth, and are put through their paces before gaping crowds, nearly everybody with a gun in his pocket—although it is very rarely that anybody is killed; and in hectic speeches of from five to twenty minutes in length the seekers after the suffrage of South Carolinians show the stuff that is in them! As the result of the "white primary," and other means employed to limit the suffrage right, the stern force of white opinion, and the lack of desire of the colored race itself, very few Negroes now vote anywhere in the South. But the fear of what the Oklahoma decision of the Supreme Court may presage in the event of the trial of the constitutionality of the suffrage limitations in other States, and the uncertainty about the attitude of mind upon suffrage of the later generations of better-educated Negroes, seem likely long to keep up the disheartening tradition of the one-party system in the South. It is a handicap of the first magnitude to both political and intellectual progress and preparation for National betterment. Incidentally it illustrates the hopelessness of that particular phase of the idealism of some of the leaders in the Progressive party movement who believed that the time had arrived for a natural cleavage into two parties in the South, and that the second party, since it could never be the Republican, might be the Progressive. It is probable, however, that only temporarily, and under the stress of some great economic strain, as in Louisiana, could this particular reform, which the South greatly needs, amount to anything more than profoundly impractical idealism.

I think I have read somewhere about the Southern point of view. Outside the Negro question, is there a Southern point of view any more than there is a Northern point of view? If so, who represents it? Is it John Sharp Williams or Vardaman? the new and splendid Governor of South Carolina. Richard Manning, or Blease? Houston or Watson? Lever or "Cyclone" Davis? Here are men of genuinely constructive tendency side by side with "patriots" of another mold. In them the lower South and the higher South face each other. Which is the coming South? I venture the opinion that the constructive men are the new South, and that their constructive tendencies are National to the core.

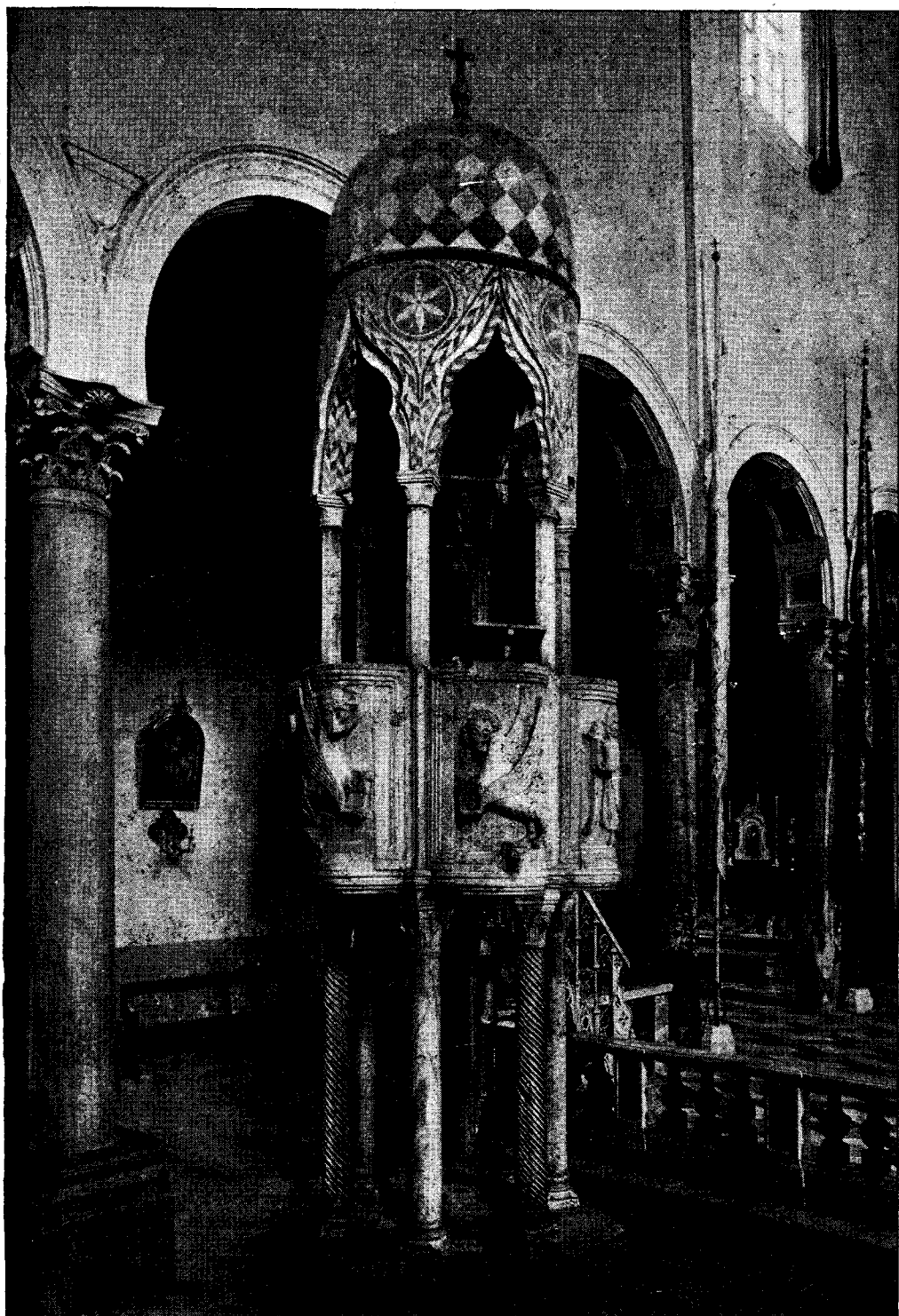
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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LINDLEY M. GARRISON, EX-SECRETARY OF WAR

See editorial comment on the differences between Mr. Garrison and the President on the vital question of National defense, which led to the resignation of the former from his portfolio in the Cabinet



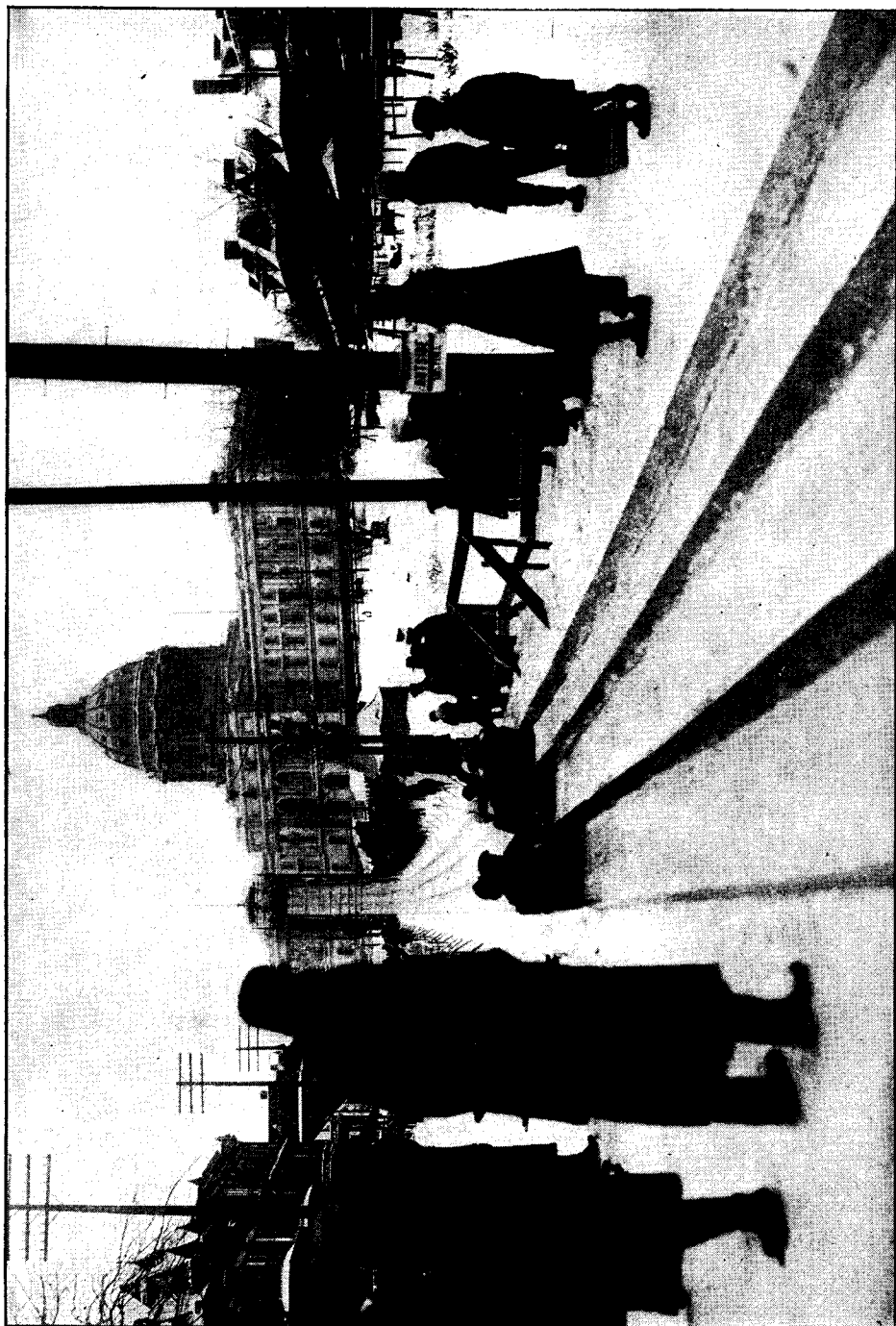
INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF GRADO, IN TERRITORY CAPTURED
BY THE ITALIANS FROM AUSTRIA

It is a pleasure to publish a picture of a church within the war zone that has been respected by its assailants. The photograph shows the beautiful pulpit of the Cathedral of Grado, bearing the winged lions of Venice, which recall the fact that the Italians once before occupied this city, which has now been reconquered from Austria. See article by Mr. Speranza, "Italia Redenta," in this issue



DR. A. D'ADAMO, GENERAL SECRETARY OF CIVIL MATTERS ON THE
ITALIAN GENERAL STAFF

Dr. d'Adamo is regarded as the real civil "governor" of the territory conquered by Italy from Austria. Under his administration a curator of all historic and artistic property or monuments in the conquered territory has been appointed. See Mr. Speranza's article, "Italia Redenta," on another page, for further particulars



PHOTOGRAPH FROM BAIN NEWS SERVICE

WINTER SPORTS IN ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

This winter has been notable for the revival of winter sports, especially skating, in many parts of the country. The picture shows a toboggan slide in front of the State Capitol in St. Paul



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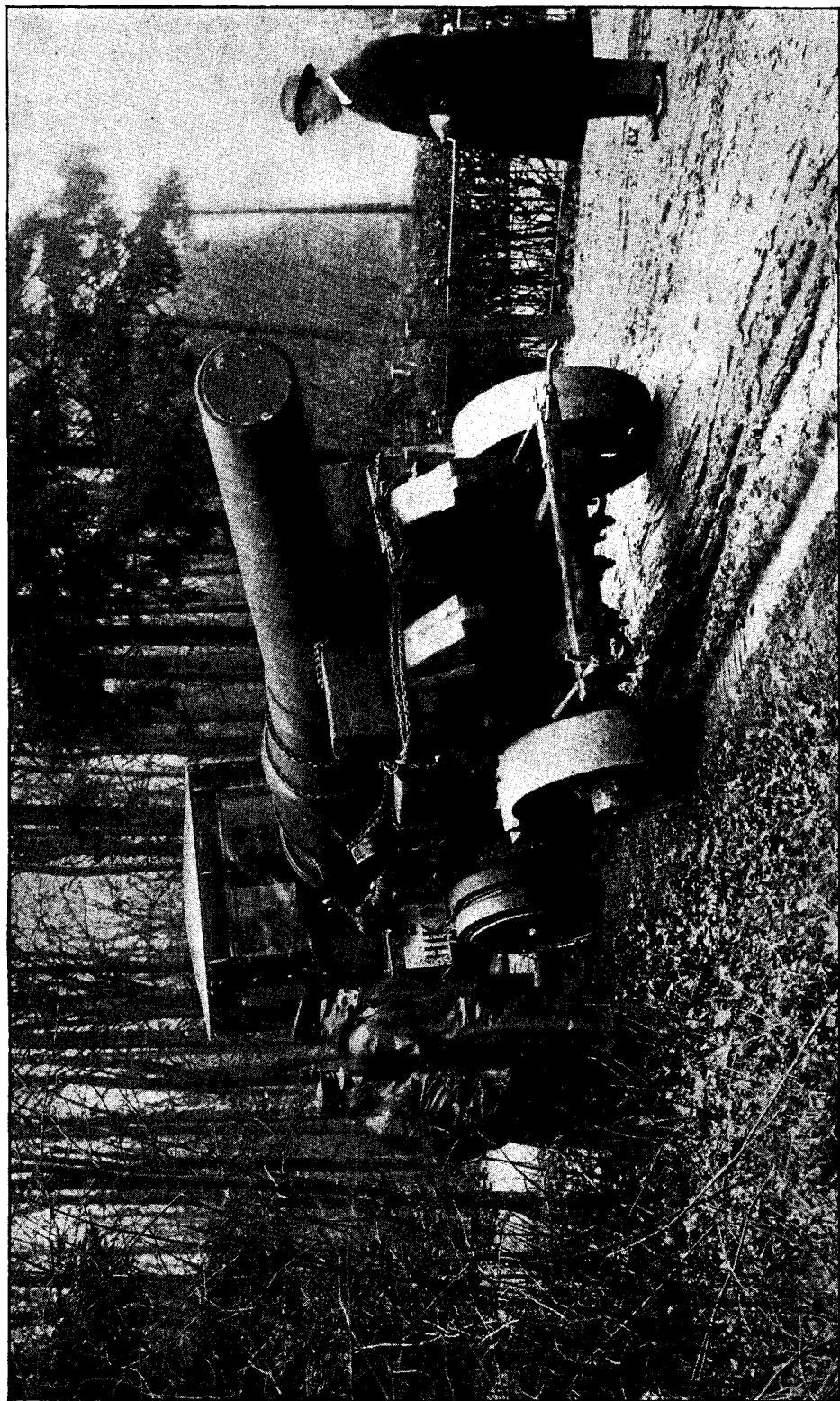
GIRL STRIKERS ASK FAIR TREATMENT FOR "PICKETS" FROM THE POLICE

In the strike of garment workers in New York City many girls complained that the police were unfair toward the strikers' "pickets" who sought to dissuade other girls from taking their places. The photograph shows a committee of the girls who called on Police Commissioner Woods to present their case. See editorial comment elsewhere



A "DRY" SALOON IN DES MOINES, IOWA

The "wet" saloons of Des Moines were closed a year ago. Some of these places have been turned into "soft drink," confectionery, or grocery stores. The photograph shows one of these transformed liquor stores. As a result of the closing of the liquor saloons, a correspondent informs us, banks have shown increased deposits, arrests have fallen off, and insanity has decreased



COURTESY OF KNOX MOTOR COMPANY

"PREPAREDNESS" MAY FIND USE FOR AMERICAN AUTOMOBILES OF THIS TYPE, INSTEAD OF THE "ARMY MULE"
The huge gun shown in the photograph weighs twenty tons and is twenty-six feet in length. It was, we are informed, hauled eleven miles over poor roads in an hour and a half by the gasoline motor vehicle which supports the forward end of the gun. It is said that the moving of such a cannon by the old method required a day and a half.



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MARJORIE STERRETT, PATRIOT

Marjorie, who is a thirteen-year-old Brooklyn school-girl, awoke the other morning to find herself famous on account of a letter she wrote asking the "Tribune" to start a fund to build a battle-ship, and another letter sent to her by Mr. Roosevelt to help on this project. These letters were printed in The Outlook last week

AN AMERICANIZATION FACTORY

AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ROCHESTER
ARE DOING TO MAKE AMERICANS OF FOREIGNERS

BY GREGORY MASON

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY THE ROCHESTER BOARD OF EDUCATION

THE high-ceilinged, square school-room was filled. Every one of the fifty or more seats was occupied. But the pupils were not children. They were men—and one woman—from twenty to fifty years of age, and all were foreigners. There were dark Greeks, and lighter, more voluble Italians; alert, impressionable Russians; attentive but impassive Hungarians; blond Germans, blonder Scandinavians; and two black Turks, the meekest-looking persons in the room, who shared one text-book and huddled over it in an affectionate embrace. The school-room was in the building of a public school of Rochester, New York. The foreign men and the solitary foreign woman made up the class in citizenship, which is one of the courses for adult foreigners offered by the Rochester Board of Education.

The teacher asked one of the pupils—a German:

"Mr. Kraus, in applying for American citizenship, besides swearing allegiance to the President of the United States, is there any similar duty enjoined upon you?"

"Yes," replied the student, a big, raw-boned truck-driver, "I must specially renounce my allegiance to de Kaiser."

"And if, unhappily, the United States went to war with Germany it would be difficult for you to decide what to do, would it not?" pursued the questioner, while Italians, Russians, Turks, and Hungarians nudged one another.

"Ach no," answered the big blond Saxon. "Certainly I would fight for de President."

This sort of quizzing is making the aliens in Rochester realize that citizenship is not a coat to be put on, worn a while, and lightly tossed away.

This war has awakened Americans to the danger that threatens our country in the existence here of a group of citizens whose allegiance is divided, or at least not thoroughly "Americanized."

During the decade just previous to the beginning of the European war immigrants came into the United States at an average of about a million annually. We took it for granted that they were being assimilated, that they were being rapidly converted into loyal

Americans. The war has taught us that they were not.

If we are to remain a Nation, we must have the strength of union. Obviously we must thoroughly Americanize the foreigners already here. And while the flow of immigration is temporarily stopped by the war we must prepare the machinery to Americanize the immigrants who will make up the great stream that can be expected to flow again soon after the end of the war.

Of the males of voting age in the United States, 6,646,817, or more than twenty-five per cent, are foreign-born. More than half of these, or 3,612,700, are not citizens of the United States. Certainly there is not pure democracy in a country in which thirteen per cent of the males of voting age have no influence in the selection of the Government that rules them!

According to Mr. Richard K. Campbell, United States Commissioner of Naturalization, "under normal conditions a fair estimate of the average annual certificates of citizenship issued in this country is about 100,000." But, inasmuch as "every certificate issued admits to citizenship, not only the alien to whom it is granted, but also his foreign-born wife and minor children, . . . there would appear to be about 400,000 admitted annually."

It is a mooted question whether we ought to grant citizenship so liberally. Certainly the wisdom of admitting three or four persons to citizenship simply because one has passed the required examinations is open to grave doubt. But, leaving this question aside, it is plainly desirable that men and women who become citizens should become so in fact as well as in name. In other words, the process of Americanization should be thorough. And it is desirable that the foreigners who come here to stay permanently should be helped and encouraged to become American both in name and in sympathies. The smaller the size of the un-American element in our population, the better.

A beginning has been made. Some machinery for making Americans out of foreigners already exists. Young Men's Christian



IMMIGRANT STUDENTS OF SIX DIFFERENT RACES OR NATIONALITIES REGISTERING IN A NIGHT SCHOOL AT ROCHESTER

Associations in some cities have opened courses for the education of the immigrant. The Department of Labor of the State of New York issues free "Advice for Immigrants" in useful pamphlet form. Similar leaflets are issued for the benefit of aliens by the Sons of the American Revolution. Several cities have set aside a day to celebrate the attainment of citizenship by alien-born members of their population—an excellent custom, for it makes the foreigner feel that American citizenship means more than the right to vote, and that citizens have duties as well as privileges.

These efforts are well enough in their way, but they do not go far enough. What the immigrant needs to facilitate the process of his assimilation is education. Not only are there in this country about three million foreign-born whites above the age of ten who cannot speak English, but there is a large mass of foreign-born persons who cannot read or write the language of the country of their birth. By the official Census 1,918,825 illiterates of this sort above the age of fourteen entered this country during the first decade of the twentieth century. The State ought to make immigration an asset, not a burden. The natural instrument for the

State to use in making good Americans from the raw material that is coming into the country from abroad is the public school.

The public schools of several cities are holding classes for immigrants—New York, Buffalo, Los Angeles, Troy, Boston, and Cleveland, to mention a few of the more prominent ones.

But, so far as I can learn, in all the cities where courses are offered to adult immigrants except one, the initiative came from the Young Men's Christian Association, a civic club, or some other philanthropic enterprise. The one exception is Rochester, New York. In Rochester the immigrant training was begun and carried on by the Board of Education. Instead of placing this work under the department of vocational training, as most cities that have tried to help the adult alien at all have done, Rochester has established a special Department of Immigrant Education.

Rochester's Director of Immigrant Education is Mr. Charles E. Finch. He is a smallish, soft-speaking man with the enthusiasm of an inventor. He is an inventor. He invented a new way of teaching adult foreigners.

About fifty per cent of Rochester's popu-



LEARNING TO READ THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

lation is foreign-born or of pure foreign extraction. For years the public schools of Rochester have given some form of training to immigrants. Of course the teaching of immigrant children is easy enough. They learn English and the customs of America almost as easily as American children do. It is the men and women who come to our shores mature who make up the non-English-speaking, un-American lump that is like a piece of unmixed dough in a loaf of bread. Up to 1908 the few adult foreigners who enrolled in the Rochester schools were taught as if they were children. Their education was of the primer sort—the “I see a lion; do you see a tiger?” variety.

Then Mr. Finch offered his idea. It was simply this: Treat an adult like an adult. The grown-up foreigner is not interested in talking about lions, tigers, and the other phenomena of childhood's primer, rarely seen in American cities. He wants practical knowledge. He is interested in the things around him. He wants to know the names of the familiar objects of factory and city life, he wants to understand the simple customs and laws of his new environment. He wants to be able to read the newspapers. Mr. Finch worked out a course of training for grown-up foreigners which was adopted by the Rochester Board of Education, and later given the sanction of the State Department of Education.

The Rochester system has three aims:

1. To teach prospective Americans to speak, read, and write English.
2. To give them practical information that will make their lives easier and safer.
3. To prepare them for intelligent and patriotic American citizenship, by making them familiar with our laws, customs, ideals, and the fundamental facts of our history.

The foreigners are grouped according to their sex and nationality, and they are classified as “Illiterates,” “Educated foreigners,” and “Foreigners who speak some English.”

The method is entirely practical. The teacher, who speaks only English, communicates with the pupils much as an American landing on a sun-baked isle in the mid-Pacific would communicate with the natives who could speak only an aboriginal tongue. The teacher first tells the class a few fundamental facts about himself, such as his name and the number and street of his dwelling-place, using such simple gestures as are necessary. One after another the students repeat this

process. Later each student fills out a leaflet which is given to him, with blank spaces for the inscription of what he has just been learning to say. Here is Lesson 1:

ROCHESTER LEAFLET

LESSON I

IDENTIFICATION

My name is
I live in Rochester.
I live at
I came from
I work at
I go to No. school
It is on
The school opens at quarter-past seven.
It closes at quarter-past nine.

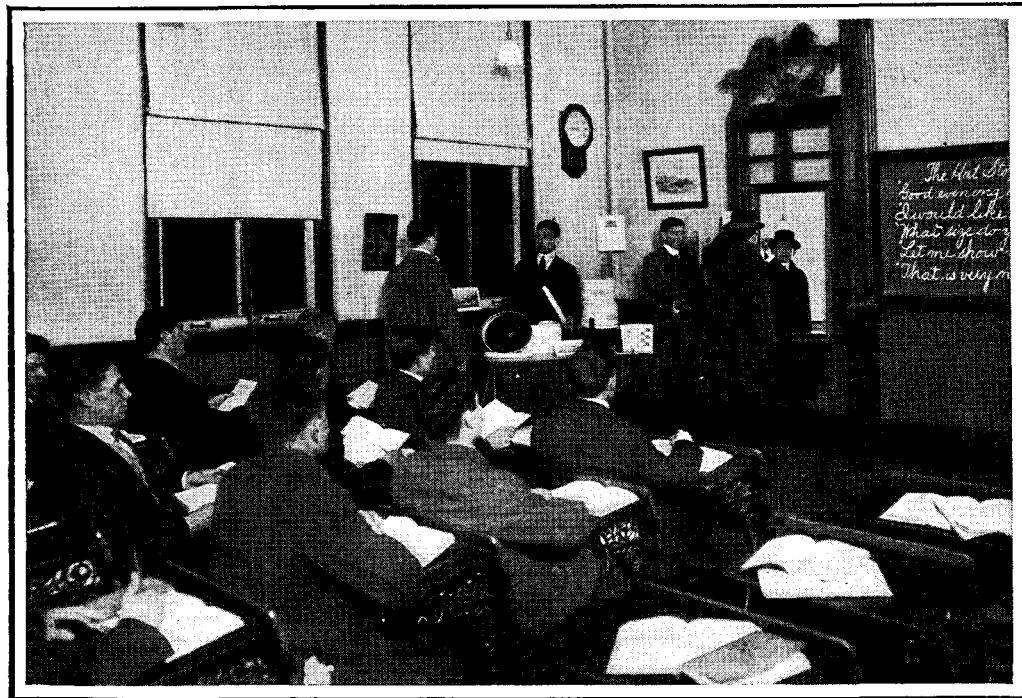
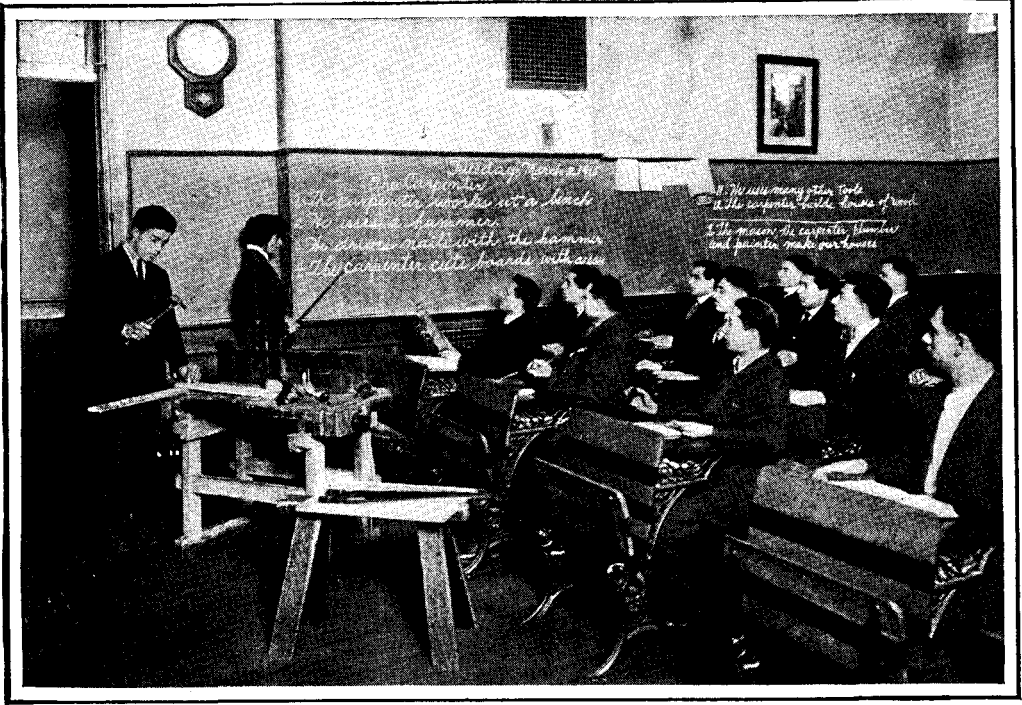
Note: The teacher should have each student give the above orally, making the statement give the necessary individual information in each case. Later the student should be assisted in copying his own statements into his note-book.

This will serve as an identification page and will teach the student to give information that will often be required.

These “Rochester Leaflets” are used through the whole course, and some of those that accompany the more advanced lessons give the student much practical information, such as the nature of city ordinances which he must observe and the requirements for fire drills in factories.

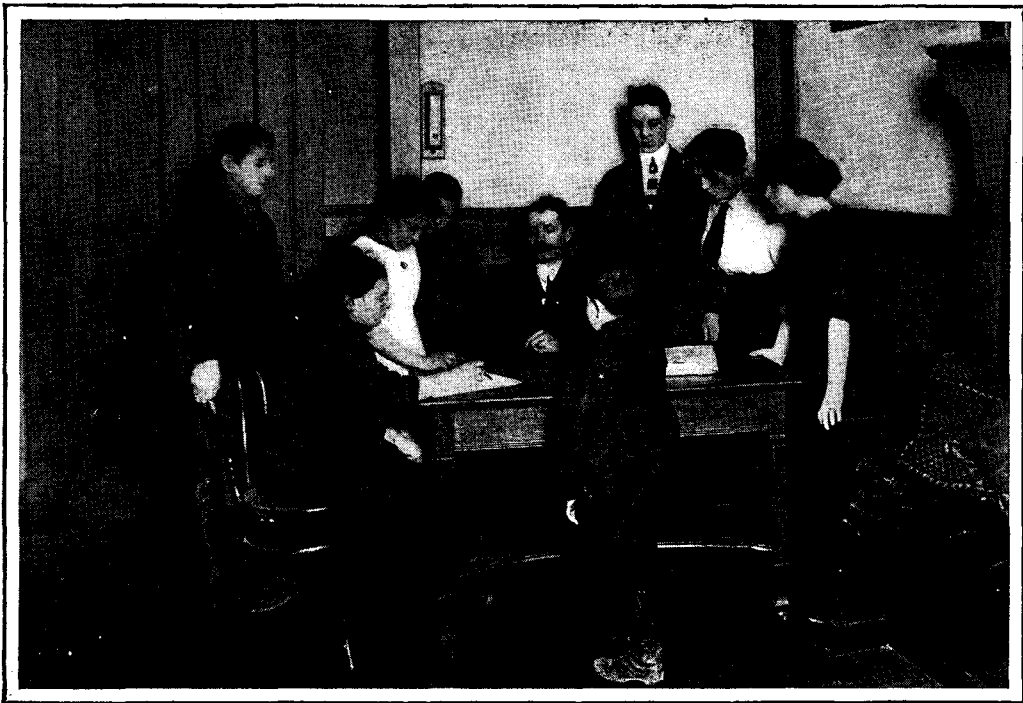
The student is allowed to learn naturally—that is, he is taught by the use of familiar objects and familiar motions. Learning the words “door” and “window,” he is told to “open the door” and “shut the window,” and by suiting the action to the word he learns a hundred times more readily than if he were digging into a primer for a description of the antics of a dog giving chase to a cat.

Some of the first lessons naturally involve learning the names of parts of human anatomy, such as “eye,” “ear,” and “foot.” The women are taught the names of household utensils. Everything is dramatized. One of the photographs reproduced with this article (on the opposite page) shows a class of men learning the rudimentary facts of carpentry. While one of their number pounds a nail with a hammer the teacher writes on the blackboard, “He uses a hammer,” and the class chorus it after her. Thus training in reading, writing, and speaking goes on simultaneously, and the study is vitalized by *acting* the particular performance or thing which is being described. In another photograph on the next page we see



LEARNING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE THROUGH FAMILIAR ACTIVITIES

In the picture at the top of the page, the boys are learning the terms used in building, with the aid of some familiar implements of the carpenter's shop; in the lower picture, they are represented as engaged in buying a hat in a store and are using the words just learned in their lesson



A LINK BETWEEN THE DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL—CHILDREN TEACHING MOTHER TO WRITE
The children, having learned to write in the public day school, are helping their mother over some of the difficulties that she will encounter in the night school

a class of foreigners producing the drama "Buying a Hat." Two students are acting as salesmen. One of their companions is trying on a hat and is learning to ask for the proper shape, size, color, etc. Another has just bought a hat and is learning to make change in paying for it, while he also learns how to direct the salesmen to deliver the purchase at his home.

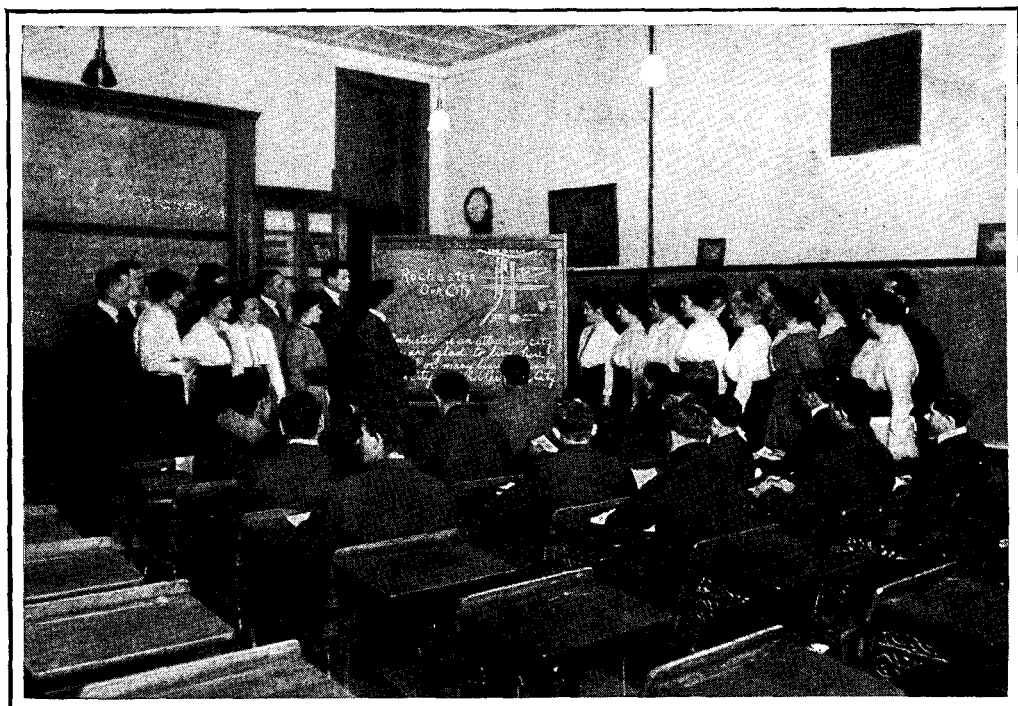
Much more valuable information is this for the poor foreigner in our cities than statements from primers relating to the characteristics of plants and animals which he may never see. Some of the other practical lessons dramatized for Rochester's foreigners are "Calling on the Doctor," "Mailing a Letter," "Applying for Work," and "Going to the Savings Bank."

The beginners' class in history is taught largely by the calendar. At Thanksgiving time the pupils are told something about the early Pilgrims and the first colonization of the land to which the students are the latest colonists. Washington's Birthday gives an opportunity for a statement of the simple facts about the struggle by which this "Free America" of which the immigrant has heard so much was won from the grip

of oppression. Then, in the more advanced classes, the sudden illumination of the school-room by electricity opens the way for a talk about Benjamin Franklin, and likewise in a natural manner the earnest grown-up pupils acquire a good deal of fundamental knowledge of big men and big events in the Nation's past.

Civics is not a formal subject for these aliens; it is a search for knowledge about important facts in their every-day life. The function of the corner policeman as the servant and protector, not the master, of the people is explained. The impinging on the life of the immigrants of city and State ordinances, like fire-escape laws and regulations for the disposal of garbage, provides an opportunity for the clever teacher to make very real to his pupils the "one for all and all for one" idea in American government.

Most important of all to the foreigner and most interesting to the spectator is the class in citizenship. Here, if ever, is practical knowledge. Most of the foreigners in Rochester have come to America with the idea of remaining, and citizenship is the goal of nearly all of them. Without the schools, their only training for the naturalization examinations in many cases would be secured from



A NORMAL CLASS WATCHING THE INSTRUCTION OF A CLASS OF ALIENS IN ORDER THAT THEY MAY KNOW HOW TO TEACH OTHER IMMIGRANTS

The normal students are standing to right and left of the man with the pointer, who is the instructor of the aliens seated in the foreground

ward politicians, and would consist of just enough narrow cramming to enable the applicant to win the vote which the politician would then offer to buy from him.

But in the Rochester night schools the aliens not only learn the answers to the usual questions of the naturalization courts, but, in addition, the real significance of the attainment of citizenship is drummed into them. The meaning of the words "renounce" and "allegiance" is harped upon, and all the obligations and duties of citizenship, such as jury service and intelligent voting, are fully explained.

The text-book possibilities of the daily newspaper are made the most of at Rochester. This is Mr. Finch's particular hobby, and he sometimes has difficulty in making the teachers under him appreciate the full value of the newspaper. One afternoon, at his invitation, I visited a class made up entirely of Greeks and Italians who were employed as "bus boys" at Rochester's principal hotels. They were writing simple sentences on the blackboard. When Mr. Finch suggested that they try reading a newspaper, the teacher was a bit skeptical.

"I don't think they're far enough along

for that yet," she said. "Some of them have been in this country only two months."

But the little man, who looked at the swarthy Latins and Greeks with the affection of a father, was obdurate.

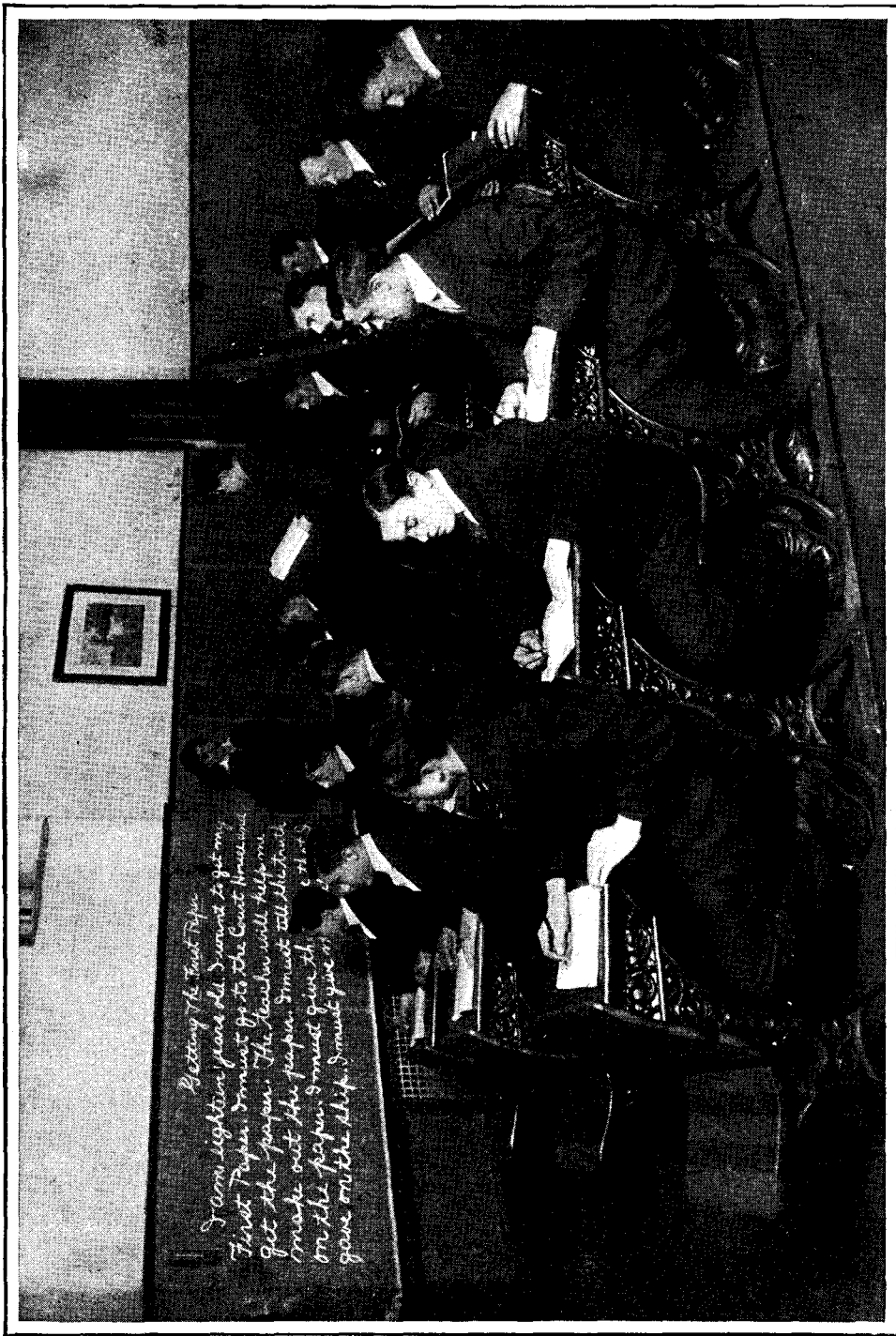
"I'll try them," he remarked, confidently, and handed a newspaper to a young Greek of eighteen who only ten weeks before had left his native Gallipoli to seek his fortune in the great Western country.

The dark-eyed youth glanced over the front page and stopped at a familiar date line.

"Athens, January fift'," he began. "There is good reason to belief that at an early hour Greece will join the Allies despite the antagon—antagonism of the Greek mon—arch to that course," he went on, stumbling at only three words—*believe, antagonism, and monarch*, in which he made the *ch* soft. His teacher was astonished. The newspaper was placed in the hands of a stern, gray-eyed son of Piedmont, who read with equal facility a passage relating to a slight fire in a Government building at Washington.

"You see," said Mr. Finch, "what they can do when they're interested."

It is difficult to get teachers intelligent



Getting the First Paper
I am sixteen years old. I want to get my
First Paper. I must go to the Court House and
get the paper. The teacher will help me
make out the paper. I must tell the teacher
on the paper. I must give the
game on the ship. I must give the

A LESSON IN CITIZENSHIP—HOW TO APPLY FOR "FIRST PAPERS."

enough to grasp the difference between teaching adult foreigners and teaching children in the grades. Mr. Finch now gives most of his time to training teachers, and a course for the instruction of teachers in immigrant education has been put into the curriculum of the State Normal College at the instance of the State.

The Federal Department of Naturalization is now giving valuable aid to the schools in the country that are helping the immigrant. Soon after an alien has come to Rochester he receives a card from the Department of Naturalization urging him to attend school and fit himself for citizenship. Thereupon the school nearest to the home of that immigrant sends him a card, telling him of the free classes for people of his kind and inviting his attendance—but not urging it, for the Rochester school authorities strongly believe that citizenship ought to be assumed with complete volition on the part of the applicant. Then, again, the Federal authorities notify the school officials of the names of the aliens who fail in the examinations for citizenship, with the exact standing each man or woman got in the tests. Thereupon the Rochester Board of Education sends a follow-up card urging the unfortunate candidate to try again. On information received from the courts cards are also sent to those candidates who have met the requirements for citizenship but who have never appeared to claim their reward. Thus the school is a link between the immigrant and the city, the State, and the Nation.

The judges have welcomed the work of the Rochester schools. With the schools helping the immigrant the judges feel that they can fairly be stricter in the examination of candidates for naturalization, and thus the standard of citizenship is raised.

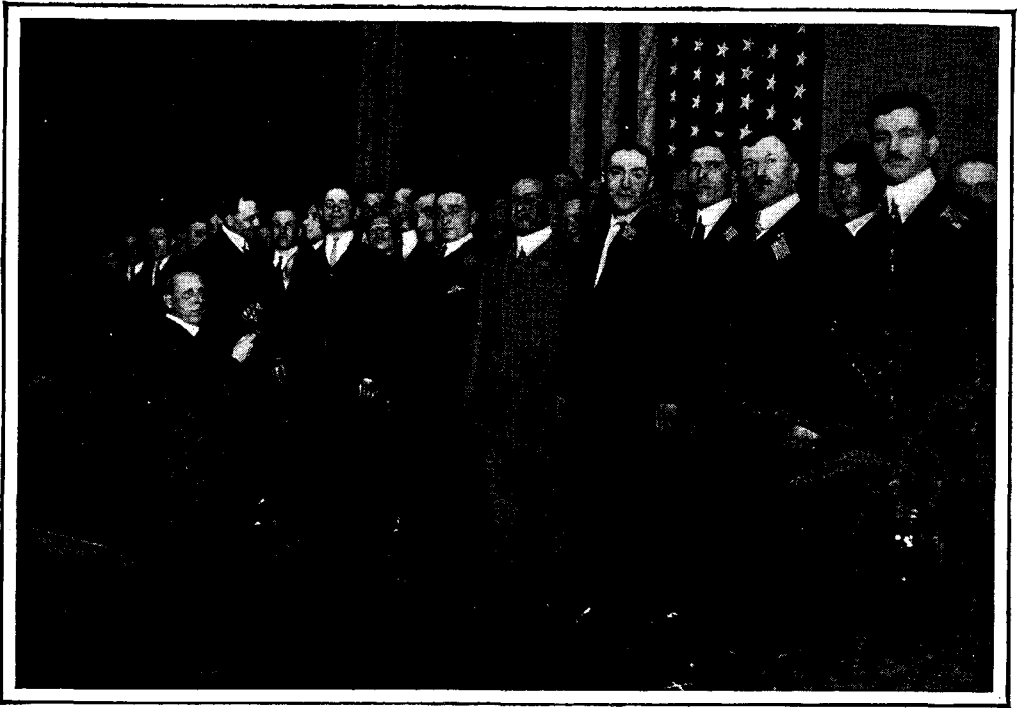
The successful accomplishment of the first step toward citizenship by a group of foreign-born is always made the occasion for public congratulations. Patriotic exercises are held in some hall or school building, and the Superintendent of Schools or some other appropriate official presents each would-be American with a small flag, an emblem of approaching membership in the great National fraternity. In every way possible the neophyte is made to feel the importance, and at the same time the privilege, of the position he is seeking. But the initiate is also made to feel that he is decidedly welcome.

On their part Rochester's foreign-born citi-

zens have signified plainly their appreciation of the service of the schools. The surest way to show appreciation for service of any kind is to use it. The number enrolled in Rochester's classes for grown-up immigrants has steadily increased until this year there are about 2,500 on the lists. The Italians outnumber any other nationality, with Russians—mostly Russian Jews—in second place. Of the total of 2,320 enrolled during the season 1914-15, there were 983 Italians, 657 Russians and Russian Jews, 159 Austrians, 148 Germans, 102 Poles, and representatives of Holland, Greece, Turkey, Sweden, Hungary, Armenia, Bulgaria, Cuba, Mexico, Brazil, and many other national or racial groups in diminishing numbers. There were 1,804 men, most of them over the age of twenty-one, and 516 women, most of them under that age. More than half of the total, or 1,264, had had no previous education in the United States, and 360 had had no education in their native country, while 810 had been to school only from one to three years in the land of their birth. Not a word of English was known to 622 of them, while 1,108 knew but a few words. Only 536, or less than twenty-five per cent, could speak the tongue of their adopted country "quite well," according to the school records.

The only considerable opposition to the dissemination of knowledge among the foreign element has come from some of the powerful members in the various foreign colonies who want to exploit the labor of their countrymen. For instance, the proprietor of an Italian bootblackening "parlor" finds that the boys who are working for three or four dollars a week begin to leave him or demand higher wages as their knowledge of English increases under the tutelage of the night schools.

Some foreigners in the position of this employer of bootblacks and some foreign-born politicians have tried to discourage attendance at the night schools, but in vain. Once they have tasted the waters of the Pierian spring, many of the foreigners feel that they must obey the proverbial injunction to "drink deep." One of the great advantages of the Rochester method is that it is progressive; the schools will take the aliens just as far as they care to go. After completing the special courses open to them some of the immigrants enter the regular grades of the city's high schools. One group even achieved such erudition in English litera-



MEN OF THE EVENING SCHOOL WHO HAVE TAKEN THE FIRST STEP TOWARD CITIZENSHIP

Each man receives a small American flag as a recognition by the city of Rochester of his prospective citizenship

ture as the discussion and dissection of the plays of Ibsen!

Any one who sees what Rochester is doing for the improvement of its alien-born residents comes away with a feeling of wonder that all other American cities and towns have not done likewise. For men may reasonably disagree as to the wisdom of diluting our national stock with foreign blood until it is becoming a saturated solution in which the original Anglo-Saxon strain is fading out; but, granted that ignorant foreigners are to be admitted in great numbers, the necessity of educating and assimilating them as rapidly as possible seems too obvious to need advocacy. If it is wise to force all native-born children to go to school, is it wise to admit hundreds of thousands of illiterate foreigners without providing for their education?

Three things are necessary before there can be adequate provision for the Americanization of our multitude of immigrants. They are:

1. An institution to train teachers for the special work with adult aliens.
2. State aid for the immigrant schools.
3. A compulsory education law for aliens who become permanent residents.

New York has the first, New Jersey the

second, and the third is in force in Massachusetts, where there is a law providing that every minor between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one who is unable to pass the examinations of the fourth grade of the public schools in reading, writing, and spelling must attend night school until he is able to meet that test. But in no State are all three of these desiderata found.

It is unfortunate that the sensational German-American propaganda subversive of American laws and neutrality has been necessary to awaken Americans to the danger of having among us a large body of citizens and permanent residents who wear a hyphen. Almost any of the big strikes of the past five years, like the Lawrence strike and the Paterson strike, should have aroused the American public to this danger, for much of the poignancy of these labor disturbances was due to the inability of native American police and populace and foreign-born strikers to understand each other's feelings, or even words. Hyphenated citizenship is as dangerous to a republic as a cancer to the human body. Education is the knife to use in cutting out the hyphen, and the public schools of Rochester are a laboratory in which it has been proved that the operation can be done.

WAR TIME IN RURAL ENGLAND

BY F. E. GREEN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

SKAINS of mist skirted the sunless dawn. Taking flight before the first shafts of sunlight, the tops of the downs revealed themselves like whales in mid-ocean coming up to breathe. The drowsy tinkle of sheep bells drifted over to us from the slope of the hill. As the southwest wind blew up from the sea the sheaves of standing corn shook their manes, while along the upstanding serried ranks of wheat a whisper swiftly passed from ear to ear.

We were out in the harvest field long before the arrival of the newspapers. The sun was already striking our faces with its fire of August before we were aware that war had been declared.

A golden-haired little boy was the Hermes that came to us as a messenger from Mars. He ran gayly across the stubble with an envelope in his hand, waving it toward his father. This was the carter driving the team of three horses harnessed to the self-binder. He pulled up his team for the last time in his life. He was an old reservist, so he knew what war meant. There was no glamour about a battlefield to him. He read the summons, knitted his toil-smitten brow, glanced around gravely and in silence at the peaceful field of ripening corn. A multitude of foxy-red ears glowed in the sunlight against a vast field of unripe spring-sown oats shimmering blue-green beneath a burning sun. Under the ripple of the southwester he visioned the sea touching a sandy beach.

The cowman, an old salt of the Royal Navy Reserve, was the next to leave, and changes followed rapidly. A new postman began to deliver our letters. The regular one was mobilized as a Territorial to guard the railway secretly moving troops. A retired constable who had come to spend his last days peacefully in his native village was next summoned away for special duty.

Two hunters were summarily commandeered from the squire's stables, and the butcher's horse was unharnessed in the village street by a non-commissioned officer and led away to an army supply concentration depot. The motor van that brought round our weekly groceries from the nearest town was promptly

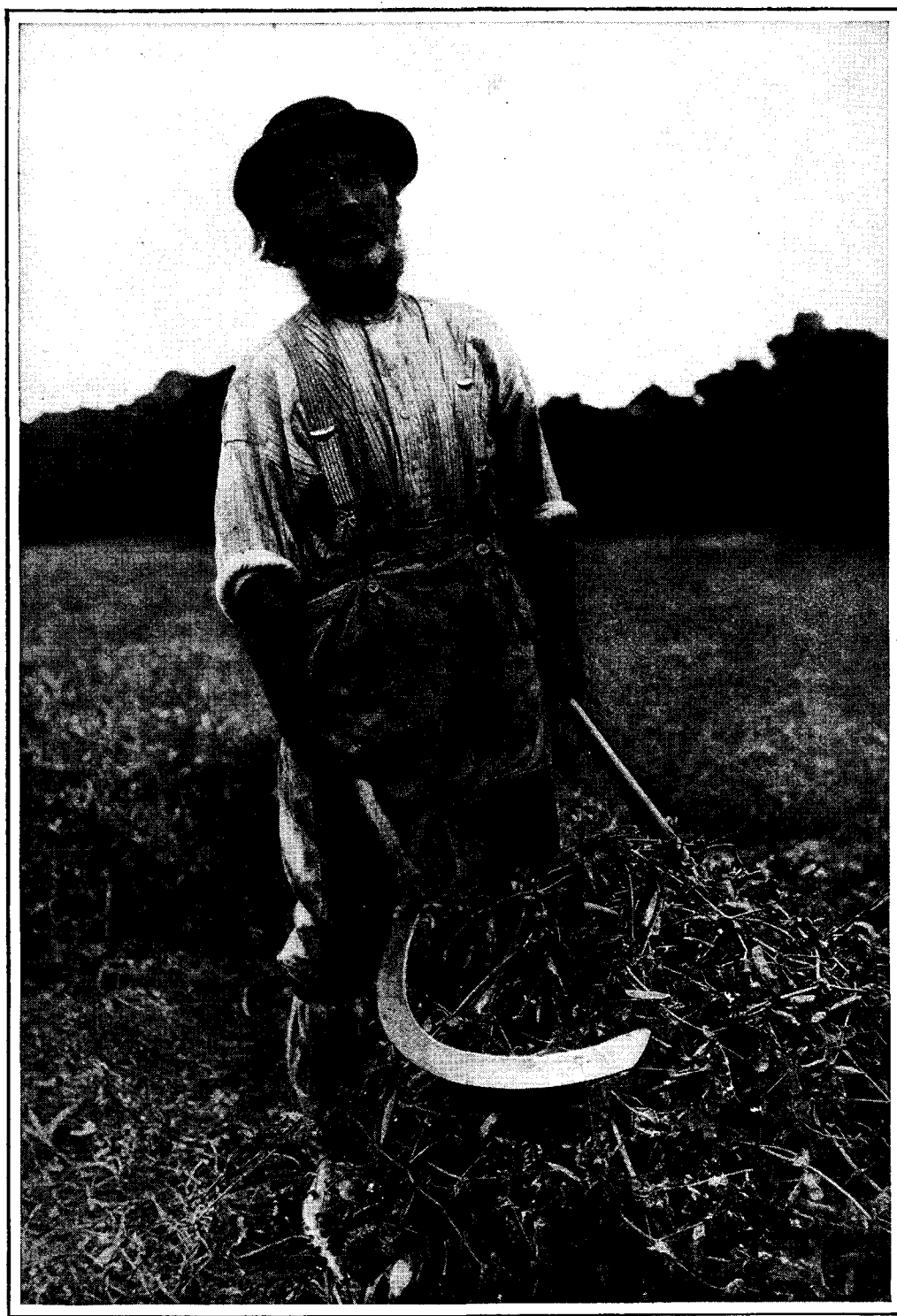
requisitioned by the War Office. Panic-stricken ladies thoughtlessly rushed off to grocers in the town and came back with their cars full of eatables. Rumors of mythical battles fought off the coast began to drift into the village every night before the advent of the evening paper, which now reached us through the enterprise of a boy cyclist.

The distant roar of naval guns was heard booming across the Weald. Within the breast of two hills seven miles away were billeted four thousand soldiers. The buzz of a military monoplane was heard two or three times a week as over our heads swiftly passed, like a gigantic dragon-fly, this winged machine of war.

Twice a week men and lads began to shoot together at the miniature rifle range rigged up in the village school-room. Those of us who were not of military age aspired to an outdoor range, and, without waiting for permission from the War Office or from the landlord, spent many a perspiring hour in digging out a butt with pick and shovel, while the tenant farmer who hailed from Cumberland lent us the support of his sinewy arms.

The Boy Scouts—our village corps consists of eight—began to assume an air of tragic importance, as in their cowboy hats and their tunics they rode fiercely around the churchyard corner to the danger of the lives of hobbling old women. What messages they carried have always remained a mystery to me; but it was exciting to watch their jolly little bare knees working feverishly as they sat astride the bar of the cycle, since most of them were too small to mount the saddle.

An Emergency Committee was immediately formed to meet any coming distress. It was the most amazing committee ever formed in any English village. The moment the German guns began to pound into dust the forts of Liège class distinctions were wiped out as it were with a sponge; and not only class distinctions, but religious and political differences were mercifully obliterated. We were once more kindly human beings. If there were any distinction at all, it was readily accorded to those who wore khaki, even though they were but raw recruits. A curious solemnity pervaded those early meetings where Tory,



AN OLD-AGE PENSIONER AT WORK

He is now allowed to earn full wages and draw his old-age pension too



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FELLING ENGLAND'S OAKS TO MAKE AXLETREES FOR GUN-CARRIAGES

Radical, Socialist, Churchman, Nonconformist, and Roman Catholic discussed ways and means of helping the needy.

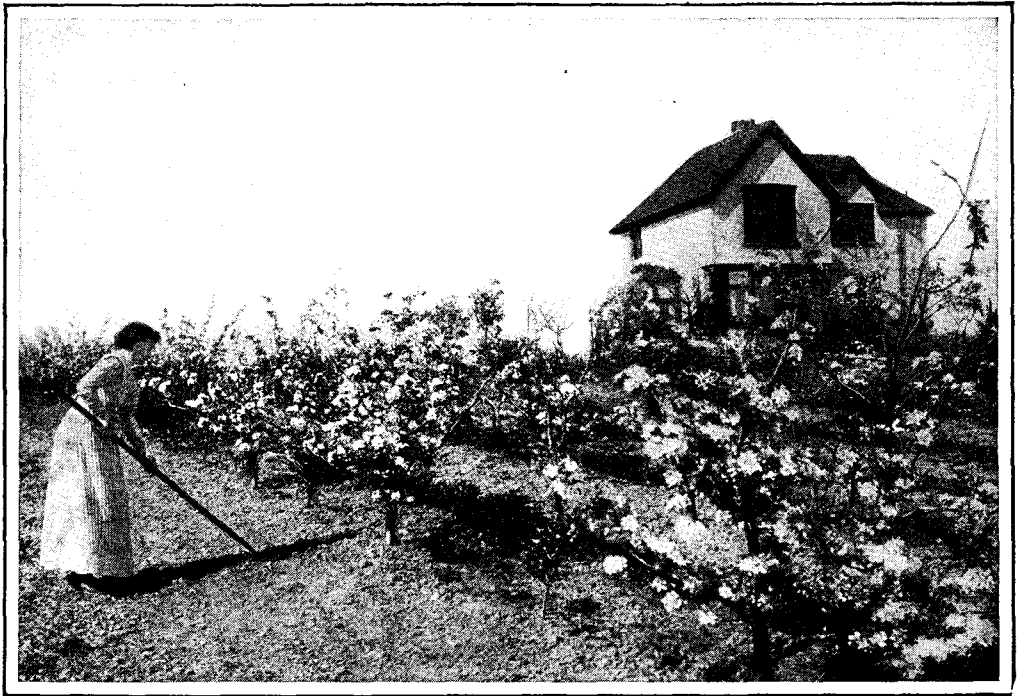
Plutocrat and poacher, squire and squatter, retired colonel and cowman, farmer and fine lady, lackey and laborer, all became illumined with the spirit of fellowship.

Against the tragic desolation engendered by this war may be set this bracing tonic of a change in social values. Efficiency with gun, ax, or plow is now regarded with something nearer its right value. Even "the idle rich" were led to see that the ill-clad, uncouth farmer's boy—the butt of the superior person—was a greater prop to the nation than the most superb golf player. The plowman and the woodman were at last regarded as being of more value to the state than the jockey or even the valet. Tommy, for once in his life, was courted more by the country ladies than a suffragan bishop. An outburst of barbarism had thrown us back onto the basic realities of life, and, curiously enough, out of this has sprung a new spiritual growth.

The growing grass on golf greens began to be eaten off by sheep; and, apart from one run at cub-hunting, the hunter's horn was no longer heard across the stubble and green pastures of the England which has for so long

been the rich man's hunting-ground. The yellow-uniformed servants of the Automobile Club were not seen so often along the tarred highways, for some twenty thousand of them followed the colors. Game flew everywhere on wings of freedom; the *battue* was a thing of the past. Game-preserved and poacher got on speaking terms over the war. The country gentleman with his chauffeur and coachman took turns day and night in guarding the railway bridges nearest to the village.

It was on one of these days in August that the multi-millionaire who lives in the adjoining parish was seen whisking off to the railway station in his superb motor car our Socialist boot-maker with his untidy package bursting with leather. The much be-pheasanted station-master was somewhat amazed as he saw the two, who had hitherto regarded each other with fear and perhaps with hatred, amicably shaking hands at the door of the car. Of course it was the Socialist who was having the last word. "You see," I heard him say as he thanked the millionaire, "in any grave national crisis the Government adopts Socialist legislation. It collars the railways, it commandeers the shipping, it controls insurance, it buys up the sugar supply, and fixes a maximum price for other necessities.



A WOMAN FRUIT-FARMER ATTENDING TO HER THRIVING YOUNG APPLE ORCHARD

It should go further, and buy up wheat shipments and take over the mines—" To all of which the millionaire smiled blandly, for had not the Chancellor of the Exchequer safeguarded his financial interests? Yet there were financial crises among some of the large country houses. One gentleman who drew his dividend from Belgian soil reduced his staff of servants from fifteen to one. It was the old-fashioned landlord who drew his income from the rents from English farms who stood on the most solid foundation.

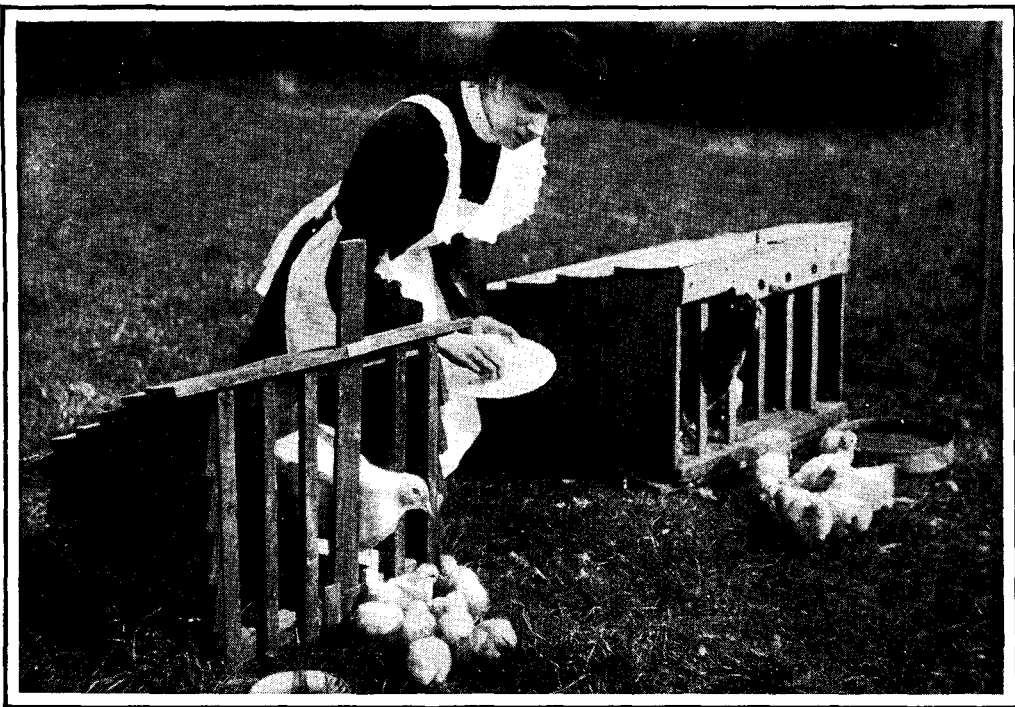
When the news of the terrible retreat from Mons—that breakneck but magnificent retreat which has been the wonder of all the world that carries arms—broke painfully upon us, every woman in our village, rich and poor, began tearing linen into bandages and making belts, comforters, and socks—and later on sand-bags. Those young men to whom the war had been something vague, distant, foreign, began to go off to the recruiting offices. A woodman aged forty-five walked up to the recruiting sergeant who visited our village and informed him that he was thirty-five.

A recruiting meeting immediately followed in the vicar's glebe-land. Motor cars lined the village leading up to the inn, and flags of all the Allies were displayed. Retired col-

onel, pacific vicar, and Socialist orator met on the same platform to evoke the patriotism of the country youths. Some dozen lads, amid cheers, went forward to give in their names to the recruiting sergeant, who was present in all the glory of his kilts. Some of these boys I knew to be under enlistment age, but no one but their anxious mothers demurred. Amid tremendous cheering they entered the luxurious motor cars of the wealthy, and to the slogan of "Tipperary" were speedily whipped away to be medically examined at the nearest town. Ah, it was fine, but terrible, to see these lads answering the call without the slightest hesitation—boys that were destined to become food for powder on the plains of France. A cynic whispered in my ear that this was the only time in their lives that these uncouth country lads were ever graciously offered a lift in the cushioned cars of the local gentry.

Two or three of them came back from the drive disheartened heroes, for they had become cognizant for the first time that they possessed such disabilities as varicose veins or bad teeth—the price we have to pay as a nation for persistently keeping our peasants underfed and in unsanitary cottages.

Some of the large landowners behaved very well. They gave notice to all their



THE MAN-OF-ALL-WORK HAS GONE TO THE FRONT AND THE MAID TAKES HIS PLACE

servants of the enlistment age that if they joined Kitchener's army their wives and families would be looked after. Such a one was Lord Leconfield, who had nearly a hundred hunters commandeered from his stables. He assured the wives of all men who joined the army that they would never be turned out of their cottages.

A very human story was told me of a country gentleman who spoke rather sharply to his chauffeur about not having enlisted.

"Well," retorted the chauffeur, "I'll enlist if your son will."

At dinner that evening the employer, in the presence of his son, complained of the impudence of his chauffeur. His son heard the story in silence. When dinner was over, he went out and said to the chauffeur: "Did you tell my father that you would enlist if I did?"

"Yes," answered the chauffeur, "I did."

"Very well, then," said the son, "let's go and enlist together."

It is true that many of the country laborers did not realize to what extent their country was in danger. So many of them were married, and hesitated; for when a laborer in England reaches the age of nineteen or twenty and gets the exalted wage of fifteen or eighteen shillings a week, and he knows

that there is little chance of his getting any higher wages, he promptly gets married. Besides, it is largely a matter of imagination, of education. So imperfectly have they been educated at our village schools that they have no sense of geography. A cowman asked a farmer friend of mine if Belgium belonged to England before the war! At the village institute it is quite common for the school-master or the local grocer to be asked to read out the headlines of the day's paper. They rarely want to hear more, and, indeed, there is little more to hear, so close has been the censorship of news! This war has been shorn of all the descriptive picturesqueness of South African war, and the people's popular educator—the halfpenny newspaper—has dismally failed to educate them.

Feudalism has sapped their vitality and drink has somewhat blurred their vision. Engaged in the unremitting toil of producing food for the nation, and far removed from the line of fire, to most of our people the war still seemed something remote.

Occasionally we were disturbed by an event which brought war closer to us. At midnight, in the dead silence of the depths of the country, under the chill severity of a starlit night, I awoke from my sleep to the

booming of a gun echoing through the Duke's woods at the back of the village. I rubbed my eyes and wondered if I had been dreaming of Zeppelins. Then I heard the clear, resonant call of the bugle, which the calm, starlit night received with a note of regret. I sat up and pondered. I surmised that it was the bugle-call sounded at the end of a long day's march of a battalion of Kitchener's army which was about to bivouac in the woods; but I knew that more than one cottage woman, with her heart beating rapidly, was imagining that the Germans really had come, especially poor-Eliza Cozens, to whom the distant boom of the Channel boats was the bombardment of English homes by German battle-ships.

Then silence fell upon us once again, broken only by the music of a distant rivulet, which, borne on the soft wings of the starlit night, drifted in at the window as a soothing lullaby.

Early next morning Luke, my man, casually remarked to me, as he picked up his milk-can: "Frank Headland was after fetchin' water early this morn'g for the sodgers in the wood."

"So it was Kitchener's army, was it?" I said in a matter-of-fact tone.

He looked at me critically, his kindly old crow's-feet betraying an expression which said, "I wonder if you are putting it on, and thought it was the Germans, like my old woman."

"Yes," he answered, cautiously; "but they be gwine away to-day." And, curiously enough, they came and went like a myth. No one except Frank Headland, who was engaged to get water from the vicarage, saw any of these soldiers. They became less real, that Phantom Army of the Night which was supposed to have trained through Great Britain *en route* from Archangel to Ostend. Eliza Cozens still holds to it that the Germans once bivouacked in the great woods at the back of the village!

It was when Luke and I were felling a few of our small oak trees that I was given a glimpse into the mind of the English laborer of the older type with regard to his peculiar outlook on the war. Many landowners were felling their oaks in order to supply wood to the War Office to be sawed into axletrees for gun-carriages, but my wood-felling was a matter of domestic economy, for coal had risen to forty shillings a ton!

In a pause in our sawing we heard the quick hum of an aeroplane. We looked

upwards, sighted it, and wondered who was enthroned upon the most thrilling and romantic seat upon which man has ever sat.

"And where may *he* be a-gwine to?" old Luke asked me.

"To Dover, I expect. Maybe to Belgium."

"Ah, maybe we shall see it in the papers to-morrow."

I hardly thought so, but said nothing. As the flashing wings of the aeroplane passed over us a bed of quivering bulrushes stood at martial attention like lancers ready for action.

"It's a wunner she doan't turn a somerset," remarked old Luke, peering into the void. "And how goes the war to-day, sir?" he asked me as he drove a wedge into the cleft tree. Then I tried to clothe with actuality the recurring skeleton-phrase: "The Allies apparently advanced, in spite of a recrudescence of activity on the enemy's part"—language which was, of course, Greek to Luke.

"Ah," said the old man, "they keeps a gwine out. There's Bill Harkett, a qualified sailor—and twenty-five years afloat. He's been called up. There'll be some fightin' now, I lay. Bill's a hot 'un, he is."

Then he spat on his hands and we went on sawing together. Presently we stopped for "a blow," as Luke called it. Gazing at the fast-diminishing aeroplane, which was now but a speck in the sky, he made the following observations: "I wunner what the temperatur' be up ther. They must be a smartish pair of young chaps." He sighed. This was not war as he understood it; these two supermen flying, as it were, in the face of Providence. No; it was beyond his mental ken, as the machine was soon beyond the vision of his dim eyes. "Look at them plovers," he said, more cheerfully, as a frightened flock raced athwart this new king of the air. *They* were something he understood. His eyes fell with relief on the deeply rooted oak. He did not wish to follow these supermen into the unknown.

Yet the paraphernalia of war came closer to us than a flying-machine. It was in winter when a squadron of cavalry was billeted upon us.

Twilight was settling over the frozen land as the rhythmic clatter of cavalry was heard approaching on the hard road. At the sound of the bugle khaki-clad warriors wheeled into the village street. A spacious tithed barn opening onto an immense stackyard was the bait that lured these mounted men. Here was ample room for thirty horses.

The village immediately was a-flutter with

excitement. An officer with his orderly at heel rode gayly up to "The Hall," where quarters had been procured for two or three of the privileged ones. The non-commissioned officers, the rank and file, found billets amid the clean straw of the barn, for cottage rooms are not easily available in rural England.

The entrance into our village of this squadron gives us the new note to be found in the village army of to-day.

"Take my kit in here," commanded the officer in a martial voice, as he dismounted outside the entrance of "The Hall," where a smiling host greeted him. The orderly mechanically saluted and obeyed. "And look here, old chap," continued the officer in a lower and quite different tone of voice, "if anything happens, call me promptly. If nothing happens, don't jolly well come near me." The orderly, with a smile, saluted again, and took away the officer's horse; and it was thus that the whilom chums of the Blue Boar in the neighboring town parted for the night.

A sentry posted across the quiet village street is a disconcerting object to the slow-moving mind of the south country. Humorous altercations took place between the soldier and the peasant who would not answer directly to the challenge. Occasion-

ally a non-stopping motor-cyclist, deafened by his machine, was shot. Once a military wagon was flung across the street to bring to a halt the progress of a suspected car with brilliant headlights.

As officer and orderly parted for the night two other cronies were doing the same at the crossroads, after the new martial closing hour of nine. These two were the bandy-legged elderly whip, Sam Upfold, and Dick Tyler, by profession hedger and thatcher.

"Pity there ain't any 'untin'," said Sam, with a shake of his head. "Don't know whatever I shall do with them 'ounds. I did set store on little Flossie."

"Well," remarked Dick Tyler, philosophically, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody no luck. It a-goin' to be a hoar-frost to-night, I lay a wage. I think I shall set one or two snares afore I turns in. They ain't so per-ticklar nowadays. We all be brothers now. Well, let brotherly love continue, *I sez.* Good-night, Sam."

"Good-night, Dick," and the hedger and thatcher, chuckling to himself, plunged through a gap that led into a meadow that bordered the great woods.

It was not the young, as has been so constantly asserted by certain newspapers, who



"THE BULK OF THE HARVEST WORK HAS BEEN DONE BY THE WOMEN"



COTTAGE INDUSTRY HAS A NEW IMPETUS
IN WAR TIME

did not realize the gravity of the war, but rather the middle-aged. That I know from my visitation to every house when trying to raise a volunteer corps for home defense. The middle-aged, owing to their lack of an educated imagination, were inclined to think that they had done their all for their country when they had howled for the young to be conscripted.

War soon began to take its toll of our young. The squire lost his only son of nineteen, and his family dated back to Doomsday. The vicar's son was shot immediately after entering the trenches. The Liberal candidate for Parliament, a brilliant lawyer and the hope of the Great House, lost his life soon after he enlisted. Every subaltern who has gone from our immediate neighborhood has been either wounded or killed.

After the young, the most patriotic part played in the war has been by the women. If there had been efficient state organization, it would have been still greater. The suffrage movement seems to have been largely responsible in firing women of the higher classes with the spirit of patriotism. They seemed determined to show that England could depend upon its women to carry it through a grave national crisis. I was invited to meetings at Lady Brassey's and Lady Cowdray's in town, and I found there ladies who owned large estates who were willing to give a part of them in order that women should cultivate the land with vegetables and fruit.

Thousands of educated women were prepared to leave the towns and help in the work of milking cows, driving carts, picking fruit, hoeing, haymaking, harvesting the corn crops. Large numbers learned in two or three weeks' time at the County Council schools how to milk, and many of them attained positions as milkmaids on farms.

In Ireland the part played by women has been greater, for Ireland has been training her girls for farm work for a decade or so.

There were difficulties, for farmers are shy of engaging ladies. They feel awkward in giving orders to any person of superior education. Probably the most successful engagements undertaken by ladies were on land which is farmed by what we in England call "gentleman farmers."

At a County Council school with which I am acquainted, girl undergraduates from Newnham, Girton, and Oxford, with others who were teachers at high schools, spent

their vacations in learning how to milk cows, to clean out cowsheds, to make butter, to groom a horse, to hoe a field of roots, to prune fruit trees. Some of these ladies were, of course, ludicrously unsuitable, coming out in the morning to clean a cowshed in open-work stockings and high-heeled shoes! But the majority picked up enough knowledge in a few weeks' time to help with the harvesting of the corn; and it should be recorded to the honor of these girls that they willingly paid twenty-five shillings a week to learn how to help others, and of the staff of these agricultural schools that they sacrificed their holidays to teach.

The bulk of the harvest work, though, has been borne by the wives and daughters of the farmers and small holders. In Norfolk and Lincolnshire women were largely responsible for planting and gathering the potato crop, and in the Evesham district in picking the fruit crop. In many a harvest field old men, women, and children only were to be seen at work. The old-age pensioner has become *persona grata* and has been allowed to earn full wages while drawing his old-age pension. Unfortunately, there has been a sinister movement instituted by farmers who sit on education committees to take children of the age of twelve or thirteen away from school and put them to work at jobs usually undertaken by men. It is said that this is done for the period of war only. Nevertheless there is a danger of its becoming a custom.

In some districts farmers have been allowed to employ soldiers from the military camps, and those who had been laborers before enlisting presented a different aspect in mind and body when again confronting the farm employer. The old servile spirit, so long in dying in feudal England, has given place to one of greater virility. One good thing that has been accomplished by the war—and it has taken a world war to do it—has been the raising of the wages of agricultural laborers. It has taken the bombardment of Scarborough and Whitby, and the air-raiding of Essex and Norfolk, to raise the wages in our eastern counties from thirteen shillings to fifteen shillings a week. Unfortunately, the laborers are no better off, for the necessities of life have risen thirty-four per cent.

On the whole, the war has had a wholesome effect upon rural England. There is a greater spirit of brotherhood abroad in the land. England after this purgatory of fire will never be the same as she was before.



PETER LIKED TO CRAWL ABOUT IN MY HAND

PETER

BY SARA SAVAGE MÜLLER

WITH A PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNEST W. MÜLLER

PETER was a caterpillar. Not the ordinary kind that one sees crawling about everywhere.

Peter lived in a little house that was built of twigs and leaves and lined with soft gray silk. Nothing in the world could induce Peter to leave his house for a moment. He carried it about with him everywhere he went.

Whenever he got tired and wanted to rest, he would throw a bit of silk about a twig and fasten the ends to his house so that it hung suspended; then he would shut himself in and go to sleep.

The finding of Peter was accidental, and the adopting him as a pet came about in this way.

One crisp October day Daddy and I went out to hunt for cocoons. We like to gather them every fall and keep them until spring for the sheer joy of seeing the beautiful winged things emerge.

This particular day we had poor luck. We were on the point of turning home when across the road a tree that appeared to be covered with little cornucopia-shaped cocoons caught our attention. We crossed the road, and, sure enough, the tree was covered with cocoons, which dangled from the twigs and branches like so many Christmas decorations.

They were strange-looking cocoons, unlike anything we had ever seen. They were

made of dark-gray silk, and the outside was elaborately trimmed with twigs and pieces of leaves. We gathered an armful and hurried home.

After consulting a book on entomology, we learned that we had found an interesting little caterpillar known as the bag or basket worm. I put my curious baskets into a box and forgot all about them.

It was late in the spring when I remembered them, and on opening the box I was shocked to see the inside swarming with hundreds of little crawling things no bigger than pin-heads.

They were so tiny I could not make out what they were until I used my magnifying-glass; then plainly I could see that each moving dot was a tiny caterpillar, and as I watched them I saw that each was weaving a minute basket.

I remembered that it was a maple tree from which I had gathered the baskets in the fall, and so I picked some fresh maple leaves and fed the newly hatched basketworms.

Then I went to see my man of knowledge¹ (a dear scientific friend who never tired of explaining to me the mysteries of nature). I rushed pell-mell into his study, not waiting

¹ The "man of knowledge" was the late Edward L. Morris, curator of natural science, Brooklyn Museum.

to see if he was busy, so eager was I for information.

He smiled at my enthusiasm, and told me that the baskets which I had gathered in the fall were not cocoons. It seems that just as soon as the basketworm is hatched it weaves for itself a basket which it carries about with it wherever it goes, using it for a bed in which to sleep, a house in which to hide from its enemies, and a nest for its eggs.

So necessary is this little house to the bagworm that it never parts with it by day or night until after metamorphosis has taken place; then the male, a modest little moth with transparent wings and black velvet jacket, deserts the basket home and flies away in search of a mate; and the female, a little brown wingless creature, lays her basket full of eggs, then she too leaves the basket home and crawls away to die.

Daddy was as much interested as I in the basketworms; so we decided to keep them and see if we could raise them. It meant a good deal of work, but we did not mind that.

Every morning we cleaned the box in which they were kept and replaced the dried leaves with fresh ones; then we would get our magnifying-glasses and watch them feed.

Until the fresh food was brought the miniature baskets, no more than a tenth of an inch high, were glued fast to the sides and bottom of the box—no signs of life. But soon after the fresh leaves were brought the baskets moved uneasily, then wee black heads appeared from beneath them, and the baskets were raised a trifle as the caterpillars began to crawl about in search of the leaves, holding their baskets above them by the tips of their tails, as one might hold up an umbrella.

How they did enjoy those maple leaves, and what greedy youngsters they were!

For a week or ten days the family seemed in flourishing condition, feeding with a keen relish every morning, and industriously enlarging their baskets and decorating them with bits of leaves and stems. But molting time came, and Daddy and I, being ignorant in the ways of basketworms, wondered why they did not wake up, as usual, after we had brought their breakfast.

Couldn't they smell the juicy leaves? Were they dead? It appeared so—all the little baskets remained motionless, adhering fast to the sides of the box.

Next day and the next we brought them food, but no sign of life.

"They are dead," said I; "we might as well throw them out."

"Let's pick them up and see," said Daddy.

So very gently we pulled one, then another, from the box. It was no use. They were dead—there they lay in a little heap perfectly motionless.

"Here is one larger than any of the others; let's try him."

So very carefully Daddy pulled it away from the box and put it in the palm of my hand. For a moment it lay on its side, then the basket rose slowly upright, and the door opened and a little black head peeped out. "Oh, look, it's alive!" And on the spur of the moment, for want of a better name, I christened it Peter.

The other baskets were thrown away, and Peter had the box to himself, and our exclusive attention.

Now the pity of it was, the other basketworms were not dead; they were molting, so our man of knowledge told us. It is their custom when molting, it seems, to retire within their baskets and fast.

Peter had his molting times, and would remain locked in his house for days; at such times we respected his feelings and did not intrude on his privacy.

When, however, his molt was accomplished, he would venture forth clad in a brand-new coat of chestnut brown that shone like a newly polished boot.

Although famished for food, having fasted for days, Peter's first thought was for his house. It must be decorated with fresh leaves before he would take a bite to eat.

Very foolish business it seemed to me to be so fastidious about one's house.

But the man of knowledge explained that the basketworm must keep its house trimmed with fresh leaves in order to escape its enemies.

"It is very difficult," said he, "to detect basketworms in the trees if their baskets are newly trimmed with green."

This raised Peter and all his kinsfolk in my estimation, since they seemed to know what they were about.

It was amazing how fast Peter grew, judging from the size of his house. One could not judge any other way, since Peter, being overcautious, never allowed more than his head and front feet to be seen.

Sometimes I wanted to pull him all the way out, so as to have a good look at him, but I was afraid that he might not be able

to get back again, and perhaps he might not be able to build another house.

As Peter grew older he grew less timid; he was getting acquainted with me, I felt sure, for when I would open his box, instead of closing his door in my face and refusing to come out of his house, he would come straight to me and crawl into my hand.

Daddy said that he was after fresh leaves, but I wanted to think that he knew me and liked to crawl about in my hand.

The weeks slipped away rapidly, and before we realized it summer had come, and we were off to the country.

I felt some qualms about Peter's going. I wasn't sure that our kind landlady would welcome him.

It turned out much better than we could have expected; although Peter wasn't welcomed heartily, at least he was permitted to remain.

I tried to keep it a secret from the guests that Peter was housed in my room. But the secret got out, and then everybody wanted to see him.

It was not long before Peter became a real social success. Every guest at the Hall came to see Peter, and a number of townspeople and school-children as well came to the Hall to see him.

Among those who came to see Peter was Joan, the literary light of the town.

I was surprised that she should care to come; I did not know that she was interested in insects.

She examined Peter with a great deal of interest, admiring his architectural ability.

"What kind of a moth will he become?"

"An inconspicuous little fellow," I explained; "in appearance he will be very much like a bumblebee."

"There is no question about Peter's cleverness," said Joan, teasingly, "but my Horace is certainly better-looking."

"Horace!" I exclaimed. "Who's Horace?"

"Horace," said the literary lady's husband, smiling with amusement, "is a nice little luna caterpillar that Joan is raising for her young nephew."

Our relations remained friendly in spite of the fact that Peter and Horace were rivals. Joan persisted in thinking that Horace was a wonder; which was all very true, for indeed he was a wonder; but she didn't seem to appreciate the fact that Peter was a bigger wonder.

One day Peter gave me a real scare. I came home late one afternoon after a long

auto ride in the country, and, going to Peter's cage to see if he was all right, I found the lid unlatched and Peter gone.

Without taking time to remove my wraps, I began to search for him. Down on my hands and knees I examined the carpet for fear I might step on him and crush him. Up and down the walls and behind pictures I looked in vain. Each piece of furniture I carefully examined, yet no sign of Peter.

Daddy came home, and together we searched every crack and crevice of our room.

The loss of Peter was bad enough, but the thought that maybe he had got out of our room and into some one else's room was uncomfortable, to say the least.

Although the guests were kind enough to call on him and bring him fresh leaves occasionally, I knew that there would be a disturbance if Peter were found in one of their rooms.

We searched until bedtime, but we didn't find Peter until Daddy picked up his dressing-gown and started to put it on, when he felt something move inside.

It was Peter; of course, a forlorn little Peter, making desperate efforts to crawl out, and getting more entangled with every effort.

I gave Peter a severe scolding and put him back into his cage.

"Much good the scolding will do," laughed Daddy. "Don't you think it would be wiser to lock the cage in the future?"

Peter had stopped molting and was fully grown. The critical time of his life was approaching. The time of metamorphosis with its subtle mysteries was near—the time when Peter would fall into a strange deep sleep to awaken again a transformed Peter; no longer a humble little caterpillar that crawls upon the earth, but a creature of the air, a lovely moth adorned for its wedding in velvet jacket and lacy wings.

Each day I expected would be the last time that I would ever see Peter—the familiar Peter, I mean; the Peter I had taken care of so long.

But Peter did not seem inclined to change; he seemed very well satisfied with life as it was.

Each morning, instead of finding the little basket attached to the cage, Peter, wide awake, holding his basket up in the air, would come crawling to me ready for his breakfast.

"Peter, what is the matter with you?" I argued. "Why don't you go to sleep and

stay asleep until Mother Nature gets you ready for your wedding?

"Don't you know that you cannot mate in that old caterpillar coat? You must have a complete outfit of fine new clothes or no lady-love will look at you."

There was no use talking to him; all he seemed to care about was to eat and eat and eat.

I had not seen Joan for some time, and I wondered what Horace was doing.

As though in answer to my thoughts, there came a knock at my door, and before I had time to rise the door burst open and there stood Joan, and back of her was her husband, holding his hat over something which he had in his hand. From the expression of their faces I knew that something unusual had brought them.

"It's Horace," exclaimed Joan, as she removed the hat. "He's just come out of his cocoon—his wings are scarcely dry. Isn't he a beauty?"

Indeed, he was a beauty, this fairy-like creature, clothed in snowy white, with wings of palest green.

The following two weeks would be Daddy's vacation, and we had planned to spend it in Canada, visiting dear friends.

But what about Peter? It was impossible to take him along. I would have given up the trip and stayed at home, but I could not disappoint Daddy and our friends.

Daddy suggested my asking Joan if she would take care of him while we were away. It seemed an imposition, but, not knowing what else to do, I summoned up my courage and asked her.

"Certainly I'll take Peter," she said; "I think I would like the chance of getting acquainted with him."

So Peter went to live with Joan. I carried him over in his cage and gave endless instructions how to care for him, and what to do in case he should change into a moth before I returned.

"Don't let anything hurt him," I begged. "If the day is warm and sunny when he emerges please let him fly away."

We were gone longer than we expected. I had no hope of seeing Peter on my return. Certainly he would have passed through metamorphosis and flown away by this time.

I was impatient, however, to hear all about him; so the very first day I got home I went to Joan's to inquire.

There wasn't much to tell me; Peter had

not changed a bit, except, perhaps, that his basket was a trifle larger and heavier, and, instead of carrying it up in the air, as he used to, he dragged it after him by the end of his tail.

I was surprised at how happy I was to find Peter unchanged. But my happiness did not last long. Soon I began to feel distress; the maple leaves were getting more and more scarce every day.

It became difficult to get enough fresh food for him. We gathered a supply of leaves and kept them in a covered jar to prevent them from drying. I was dreadfully worried lest Peter should starve to death.

Fortunately, Mother Nature took Peter in hand and put him to sleep—the deep, mysterious sleep which was to change him.

For three long weeks Peter lay in his basket-house, which hung suspended by a bit of silk from the lid of his cage.

How we wished we could spy on old Mother Nature and see what she was doing to Peter—see how the marvelous change was wrought.

But Mother Nature had taken care that no one should spy on her; Peter's house was securely locked, and no one could get a peep inside.

During the last week we watched that basket closely, hoping that we would see Peter emerge. There were times when I fancied that I saw it move; then breathless we would wait, straining our eyes for the first glimpse of Peter.

Perhaps something has happened to him—will he never come out again? I worried quite unnecessarily, for he did come out again.

The very next morning I heard an unusual noise in the cage; I ran over to see what it was, and there was Master Peter fluttering about in the cage in a wild desire to get out.

Peter was truly changed—changed as much in disposition as in general appearance. Very fine he looked in his rich black velvet jacket and gauzy wings, but so eager was he to be gone in search of a mate that he behaved most unseemly, dashing about and beating his wings against the sides of his cage. It was impossible to quiet him; he wanted a mate, and he was determined to go and find her.

We took him to the open window and lifted the lid of his cage; like a flash he was gone, out into the wide, free world.

"Good-by, Peter, good-by," I called.

Already he was out of sight. We closed the window, and put the empty cage away.

Peter was gone.

THE LAUGHTER OF LEEN

BY CONRAD RICHTER

Mr. Richter is of German, French, and English blood, and his ancestors fought on both sides of the American Revolution. He has lived in many of our States, and also in Canada and Mexico. Among his magazine stories, "Brothers of No Kin" has attracted wide attention; it has been reprinted and is named with high praise in the Boston "Transcript's" annual review of the best short literature of the year 1914.—THE EDITORS.

SHE pressed the bronze button at the door of the impressive gray-stone house. Steadily then she waited there, a clean-limbed girl of twenty-four with the yellowest of yellow hair—hair that suggested buttercups, goldenrod, and the moon when the moon is full. Her eyes were a rich gray-blue, and the skin below them fairer than the hair her simple toque could not hold.

A man servant opened the grilled door. The girl looked up, frank-eyed, face brightening courteously.

"I wish the madame to see," she said in quiet passion which was yet a smile. "I come from the Social Agency."

Within the deep hall, on a green divan, the girl drew respectfully erect as a grim, businesslike man of nearly thirty, walking-stick in hand, passed through. Then, while a young boy somewhere in the rear of the house howled petulantly, the servant reappeared to announce an invitation upstairs.

In the elaborate bedroom at the head of the polished stairway the yellow-haired girl found a woman in soft-blue negligée sitting up, newspapers scattered about her, on a very white and luxurious bed. For fully five minutes after her visitor had been shown in the woman continued to read. The waiting blue eyes grew wide. But quiet and calm the girl remained, waiting just inside the doorway, never stirring until the woman looked up.

"Ah—h, I believe you say you are a governess."

"Good-morning," replied the girl, calmly.

"Yes, for five years I am a governess."

"Ah—h. You were employed in the city?"

The woman in bed fussed deliberately among the newspapers.

"For the five years governess with a French lady I was. In America we are for one year now. When the war come, madame say she stay in America. But she has not much money, so with her I cannot be."

"Ah—h. You have a letter?"

Leen held it out silently.

A glance told the woman that the finely inked pages were not in English.

"Ah—h. You may read it for me," she announced. "The writing seems very poor."

"It is beautiful," protested the girl, eyes again drawn wide. "But I read it for you." There followed an unbroken flow of French. Doubtless Leen knew the letter by heart.

"It sounds very well," remarked Mrs. Brookins. "But how am I to know that the letter is genuine?"

"You do not think that I forge it!"

"Oh, not that, of course. Ah—I suppose it will do. You say, my girl, you are in financial need of a position."

"I did not say that, but it is right. I have not much money."

"It seems strange," began the woman, suspiciously, "that one who has been a governess for five years should not have saved something in all that time."

"I save—I save," declared the girl. "I send it away." She winked tightly once or twice, then smiled bravely out again.

"No matter," deprecated Mrs. Brookins. "One must be charitable on Sunday."

"I had thought charity for all the week is," murmured the girl. Then her voice grew strong again. "But why you say of charity. I ask for work."

"Ah—h. That will be all right, *Fräulein*. I shall give you a chance in my employ. Now, your name is what?"

"Thaleen Juste. Friends say just Leen. Madame to tease me always say *Fräulein*, because I look German."

"You speak German?"

"*Natürlich. Ich kann deutsch, französisch, und wallonisch sprechen.*"

"Yes. That is all right," hastened the woman in bed. "Ah—you may speak English to me. But to Robert, my little son, I wish you to speak German and have him answer you in French. Can you assure me,

Fräulein, that you are always kind to children?"

A lilt of fresh, rollicking laughter startled the woman in bed. With a little gasp she stiffened, shocked and indignant. Somehow this girl, Leen, was not cowed.

"You cannot think I look like I hurt children," Leen grew very grave. Then she laughed again aloud to herself, laughter that was not in ridicule nor yet in amusement, laughter which carried somehow more of care-nothing cheer. In it blew the fresh, pungent savor of the Black Forest, a snatch of the soft warmth of Brittany, and an underlayer of firm Flanders content.

"What in the world are you laughing at?" demanded the woman.

The girl turned sober again, but not depressed.

"I laugh at lifes," she said, quietly. "I laugh at fortunes it brings me. I laugh at slurs it throws to me. If I cannot laugh, I worry then and slurs would hurt. But now all are gone already—like that. You pay me, Madame Brookins, what you think I earn. If it is not much, I laugh. If it is much, I cry for joy. Because I need it."

Hard-eyed, hard-faced, the woman in bed stared a sour, disapproving stare, yet the fresh, smiling face of the girl remained unchanged. Finally Leen saw the bitter lines relenting on the steeled face. Perhaps it was because there had been some one on the stairs, some one who now came into the room with a casual knock. It was the man who had passed in the hall. He glanced from Leen to Mrs. Brookins curiously.

"Well, well, Margaret. What's going on up here? You're not really telling a funny story!"

The woman in bed sniffed stiffly.

"Robert, I have employed *Fräulein* here to succeed Miss Brant. *Fräulein* comes splendidly recommended by a prominent French lady."

"I hope the reference was in English, so you could read it," offered the man. He turned to the girl, grimly. "You think you will like it here?"

"About things not pleasant things I do not think, Mr. Brookins," Leen replied.

"It is not Mr. Brookins," corrected the woman in bed, importantly. "It is Mr. Sturge. Mr. Sturge is my brother. Now, *Fräulein*, concerning punishment. I wish you to know at first that I never give this privilege to any one. I should be a poor

mother indeed were I to permit any one but myself to punish my child."

"But if the child not good is, he must be punished once," frankly informed Leen. "After, he obeys and he needs no punishment."

Mrs. Brookins was very icy.

"When Robert will not obey you without punishment, *Fräulein*, then it will be time for me, decisively so, to procure some one else."

"But you yourself punish; not so, madame?"

"That has nothing to do with the matter. My child is my child. Please remember that, no matter the cause."

Leen spoke back steadily.

"If your child I mother more than you your child mother," she testified, "then I am more mother of the child than you." She set for a moment her white teeth. "If the child bad is to anybody or to himself, I punish him. I will not lie to you now. If you do not like me to do that, then I go."

"I think the latter will be best," returned the woman, coldly. "Good-morning."

But the man, Sturge, stepped in front of the door.

"No, Margaret," he declared, quickly. "Let her stay. She is what the youngster needs. He's been abusing helpless nurses long enough. The right sort of punishment will do the beggar good."

Leen stayed. From morning till night next day and days thereafter her clear soprano trill, deep as soprano can be deep, filled the house. It played hide and seek through the dark corners, and by day lifted the window blinds a little higher to sunlight. It enthused the house furnishings and bric-à-brac, and opened the piano once more to fingers in which music had nearly died. Mornings it wakened Mrs. Brookins soon after breakfast and brought her down at an hour which startled the entire household. It even penetrated the servant portion of the house and turned fear-performed labor into duties done in cheer.

The house could not hold it, this mellow, unobtrusive laughter. It followed the boy and Leen as they romped the lawn. It filtered into the garage and resolved the grim atmosphere of carbon and gas to something not unpleasant at all. It assailed the elderly neighbors on either side, and often pulled back their silent, drawn blinds. It held fast passing people on the avenue in front, and

sent them on with somehow a saner, brighter head and heart.

But it was for Sturge, much of this never-grating laughter. And it was Sturge upon whom it worked the least. Day after day Leen watched his same grim, impassive face. Meal after meal, across the table corner, he refused to laugh or smile. Evenings at home, when little Bobby, filled with Leen's own glee, had shouted exuberantly, Sturge looked back again to his paper unmoved. And when laughter is thrown back into one's face it is wont to turn to depression and tears. But Leen laughed the more, and held herself with a strong grip that refused to let her own laughter leave her.

Then one evening there were guests, business friends of Sturge. Into the living-room after dinner there filtered such persistent laughter that the men forgot the business scheme that Sturge was planning and listened instead for the laughter to come again. Leen was summoned from the library, from Bobby, and from marvelous Black Forest fairy tales.

The guests inspected the girl intently as she came without fear through the hallway portières. Sturge flicked a bit of ash from his cigar to the fireplace, then looked up, his face concernless and cold.

"*Fräulein*," he said, curtly. Before he had always called her Leen. "Did it ever occur to you that loud hilarity may be vulgar and offensive to ears in a house where one is employed?" He flicked a little more of ash to the fireplace. "That's all."

The girl, unshrinking, had only lifted higher her head.

"If I may not laugh," she said so low it was almost a whisper, "then I go. If for a day I do not laugh, I die." There was a tragic mystery in the blue eyes, but not for long. The girl fought to smile. In the face of every man there shamelessly she struggled. Then it was accomplished, a wonderful, genuine smile that did not oversmile. She laughed. The laugh at first was deep, so deep in minors that one of the men shuddered. But as she laughed on, it grew clearer, saner, happier. Without a word she turned and brushed through the velvet curtains. A moment more the men could hear her laughter from the library.

Leen was reading Maeterlinck in French that evening when some one knocked on the door. "Mr. Sturge would like to see you in the library," Rose, the upstairs girl, announced. "'If you are still up,' he said."

Leen laid her book on the mahogany-boarded radiator and left.

She found Sturge in an easy chair, not at the big birch table-desk, as she had feared. The man got to his feet with a little show of respect, and a faint little smile of welcome actually came and went about his eyes.

"I just wanted to apologize to you, Leen," he began, quietly. "I didn't mean the ugly thing I said to you this evening—in front of those men besides. You will pardon me, I know. I have been so confoundedly worried about business I haven't been responsible for weeks."

Leen was standing in the doorway, very grave and thoughtful there.

"If you'd only smile, sir," she began at last. "If you only laugh, things don't come so hard. It helps me. See! One can smile always when one tries it—hard." Into the earnest face of the girl came something white and holy, something sacred. Sturge looked away uneasily.

"Little smiling you'd do, my girl, if you were ever up against what I am."

Leen only met his eyes again and laughed. "I do not know your trouble," she said. "I do not ask to know. But if you laugh at it the ghost will not look so big, the trouble will not come so real. I know, for I laugh away a mountain."

Sturge was cruelly gentle.

"You have laughed off your little fancied troubles, my girl," he reproved. "But you have not seen your business sinking every day still lower through this accursed war. You are in America safe and sound, far away from trouble. You have nothing to lose."

The girl was breathing hard and fast. For a second she labored wildly to smile. Then she managed it, and came back safely to control.

"If your business does not go on, you lose everything?" she asked.

"Oh, of course not that," declared Sturge. "I have other things—enough, no matter what comes. But my business isn't doing what it should, what we had planned for it. And it shows me up unpleasantly to every one."

The girl was staring, pity in her gray-blue eyes.

"And for that you cannot smile or laugh—for that!" Without laughter, though the laughter might well have been louder and keener than it had ever been, the girl turned and left.

Next morning she thought she saw the

making of relaxation on Sturge's face as he went by to his breakfast. Anyhow, she gave him a hearty smile and a short, rich laugh. Later she eluded her boy for the minute and peeped through the portières to the dining-room. Sturge was genuinely smiling at John as the butler came from his pantry.

After this Leen saw change working in the man. It seemed that he came to her often. Frequently he asked her for a smile to help him as he went to his office. Nightly he teased her for a little laughter to cheer him when he returned. Evening after evening they all sat in the library or living-room, Leen with Bobby on her lap, delving into legends and fairy tales, Mrs. Brookins fast in a novel, and Sturge with his paper. It had become a cozy little family group. Even Sturge ceased to marvel when his sister would look up from her romance to reply without irritation to a sentence from Bobby or Leen.

It was on one of these evenings that the boy tired of fantastic things. Silently he pushed his uncle's paper aside and crawled into his lap.

"Uncle Rob," he began, very earnest and thoughtful, "why don't you go to Europe and stop the war?"

The man stirred in embarrassment, then laughed, looking to Leen for his reward. But the girl was staring breathless into the gas-fed fire.

"Why, your Uncle Rob couldn't do that, Bobby," returned Sturge, gently. "It would take a much bigger man than he."

"Then somebody ought to that's a giant," declared the boy. "Leen knows a girl who hasn't any father or mother any more 'cause they was all killed. And they don't have a house no more 'cause it burnt up. And her brother was a soldier, and he was killed, too. Gee, Uncle Rob! Think-a me with Leen and you and Mutty all killed like that! Don't you think somebody ought to get hanged?"

"Somebody ought, Bobby," agreed his uncle, softly. He looked quietly to Leen. Mrs. Brookins had laid down her book and was intent upon the girl.

"Why, Leen!" she exclaimed. "Who is she? You never even mentioned her to me!"

"I never told," Leen declared, winking tightly, "because inside me it hurts to tell. And to tell there is not much. The mother was alone, a shell comes to the house, and—nothing is left, not even enough to bury."

"Leen!" Mrs. Brookins leaned toward the girl, horrified.

"The girl, my friend, is in your country. Family friends write and tell her. Then, after, a letter from the Government comes. Her brother and father are killed in the same week in the trenches. They are buried in the fields. And now there is no family and the girl very lonely is."

"Alone over here! Poor child!" Mrs. Brookins looked wretchedly to her brother.

"She is not alone, Leen, if she has you to laugh to her," declared Sturge, gently.

"No," the girl smiled bravely. "If my laughing she did not have, she would be dead, I think. But she is stronger now."

"Why in the world is she still staying away from home?" demanded Mrs. Brookins, in righteous horror.

"There is no money left. She could not go if she wants. Nearly five hundred dollars she saved. But she could not keep money if her people write to her that they starve because nothing is to eat! She works now to send more back to her people."

"The poor girl is a Belgian!" divined Mrs. Brookins, aloud.

"Belgian, yes. She was of Ruenchamps, in Liège—Lee-aje, they say in Walloon. She is in America one year. But that makes the pain not less." Leen's eyes found the clock on the wide mantel above the jetting fire. "Oh, Bobby! Half eight! Come with me. While you undress perhaps I tell you a little story."

It must have been nearly ten o'clock. Still fully dressed, Leen crept from across her sleepless bed to the now darkened sun-room. She passed the electric switch without touching it. Moonlight silvered by snow lay in through the big windows aslant on the floor. The girl turned quietly, tragically, to the countless squares of glass.

Everywhere on the lawn outside were shadows and moonlight. Retinosperos and junipers pointed to heaven, mute in the mystic light. Away, picturesque housetops stood etched in colorless shadow. Beyond, in a starless sky, hung the moon.

It was too much. Face close to the cold pane, the girl leaned and felt things faster than she could think. Then, because she could not have helped it if she would, she began to sing, more of a chanted sob, but sweet; it was:

"*Stille Nacht,
Heilige Nacht.
Alles schläft,
Einsam wacht.*"

Both the sad melody and the words seemed so a part of the night that the girl found herself unable to stop the song. Over and over again, softly sweeter, she sang in this tongue to her heart, which was so distended that it might have broken had it not been for a voice behind her. It was a deep voice, a man's voice, but gentle and low.

"You are homesick, my girl?" it said.

Whirling, Leen saw the tall, spare figure of Sturge there in the slanted shadows and moonlight.

"No," she whispered; it was all she could do. "Sick—not homesick. Sick! Sick! But not dead. See, I can smile! I can laugh! Do you see in the moonlight?"

"You are a wonderful girl," said the man, softly, to Leen it seemed tenderly. Something in her heart gave a leap. She did not know what to say. So she laughed.

"I've been thinking about that friend of yours," Sturge went on, quietly. "I couldn't get her out of my head. I want you to go and see her to-morrow, and tell her I'll pay her passage back to her country."

Leen had grown suddenly rigid, strained. Feeling the tightness of it, she tried to smile. But the smile froze before it was out, and made her face wan and haggard. She screamed trying to laugh, but it would not come. He wanted her to go away—the man she had laughed for, the man who had given her somehow that wonderful feeling within her! Finally she found she could talk. But after every word she swallowed.

"You want her to go back," she managed to utter; "back where her home is not—where her mother and father and brother are not there to give welcome, where she is hungry like the others are hungry, where she suffers four times more as here?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," declared Sturge, quickly. "I didn't think of that. I thought, perhaps, she could help her plucky little country—be a nurse in a hospital or something. Honestly, that's what I thought. Don't tell her, Leen, if you think she doesn't want to go."

Leen was staring at him, but with eyes that only thought and did not see.

"You think it is duty to—go back?" she whispered, wetting her stiffened lips.

"I thought she'd want to help her Fatherland when it was in such trouble," protested Sturge, miserably. "Of course it's up to her. I just thought I'd offer it. I didn't suppose she wouldn't want to go."

The girl opened her mouth to speak, but

she could not hear the words come. At last she found her throat obeying her in a strained, hushed whisper.

"She will go—back to her Motherland—now when it is in trouble. On the first boat she will go. Some day, if she lives, she will try pay back to you—the money. But over there—she may not live. Not much will be for to live—her mother in pieces, her father and brother under the fields, her home broken and burned, her friends crying for something to eat." The voice broke desperately as the girl swayed and caught herself on the wide window ledge.

In a moment the man grasped her.

"Leen! Leen!" he cried, shaking her as he held her. "Leen! Who is this girl? Tell me! It isn't you? You don't mean that, Leen!"

The yellow head, silver in the moonlight, only nodded and fell. With a little gasp the man pulled her up and close to him. Leen felt his arms straining and strong about her.

"Then she won't go," came his whisper, a quiet, wonderful whisper. "Because I won't let her go. Because I myself need her here with me. And I need her because I love her—her smile and her laughter, her courage and yellow hair. All of her I love. I am selfish. And I daren't let her go."

Hours afterward they were sitting on the sun-room hammock swing. Back and forward they quivered mystically in the moonlight.

"But how are you a Belgian?" asked Sturge, tenderly—"you with blue eyes and yellow hair? How did you learn French so well? And how did I hear you singing a German song?"

"You must ask harder than this," laughed Leen. Then she grew sober again. "My father found the mother of me in Teinach von Schwarzwald, the Black Forest, and he brought her back to our little country. I talk French because more than half everybody in my country talk French. And I sing a German song because I love the people of my mother and their songs. I love the French, too, and their songs. I always have loved them. Why now should I stop the loving?"

"But the war," breathed Sturge. "What has one of these countries done to you?"

"The men of one army—do they believe they do right more than the men of the other believe they do right? The men of one die and suffer like the men of the other. The women of the Germans lose the men they

love so much as we Belgians, so much as the French. Oh, if you hungry and thirsty were and without clothes in the cold! Some army finds you. The men quick would feed you. They clothe you and give you drink. It might be not much, but what they had they share with you. What matter if it German, if it French or Belgian is? I am Belgian. But I could not help—there I was born. I might French have been, or Hungarian.

Everybody is same as I. But they are not away, heart cooler in another land. Oh, no matter what I am born, I am a woman, and all peoples who have been good I love."

The man's eyes were steady with awe and tenderness.

"And with all this horror at home," he whispered, "you had time for me, time to laugh and smile for me. Poor little Leen, yet rich little Leen, who can laugh at life."

A RURAL CHURCH WITH A PROGRAMME

BY R. C. KEAGY

THE country town was taking its noonday rest. The mail train from Kansas City had deposited a few passengers, and among them was a stranger. He walked from the depot to Main Street, stopping to inquire of a group of men where he might find the Methodist Episcopal church.

"The what?" was the reply.

"The Methodist Episcopal church, please." repeated the stranger.

"Dunno of any church by that name," persisted the villager. "There's a Baptist church in town, and a Evangelical, besides a Free Methodist meetin'-house." He paused a moment, and then added: "There's a 'M. E.' church up the street there a ways, whatever kind that is."

It was clear to the stranger that no one knew much about the Methodist Episcopal church in Dunkerton. He soon found the little house of worship. The wooden building was in disrepair, with faded paint and broken windows. The wooden steps which led to the entrance were rotting and unsafe. The prospect was not inviting.

The stranger attempted to enter the church, but the doors were locked. Country churches are usually closed six days of the week. The young man crossed the street, and, turning into a yard, knocked at the door of the cottage. A woman appeared and kindly asked his errand.

"I am the pastor of the church," the stranger explained, "and I would like to find the key to the building."

"I have the key; here it is," replied the woman, and as the new minister left the porch she exclaimed to a visiting neighbor

who had overheard the conversation: "Why didn't I ask him in? Why, he is our new minister! Land sakes! he looks like a traveling man," and she went to the window to watch the young man, who was entering the church.

The interior of the two-room building was not inviting. The plaster was cracked and in places it had quite fallen off. The water-color decorations were soiled and blackened from smoke and dirt; dust and cobwebs were everywhere. From the ceiling hung kerosene lamps with cloudy chimneys and a few cracked shades. In the corner of the auditorium stood a battered and overworked reed organ. The young minister picked up a coverless song-book and sat down at the instrument. As he played a hymn a frown crossed his face and a look of determination was born.

"We must have a piano and some hymnals immediately," he said to himself. "People can't sing from books that are torn. We will begin this battle with a campaign for good music. And this organ!"

The first service of the Conference year on the following Sunday morning was attended by a dozen persons—men and women who had seen the society organized fifteen years before, and who remembered well how the membership had sacrificed to build a church and free it from debt. But one of those unexpected land booms in the West had robbed Iowa of hundreds of its farmers. A general exodus followed. The church had suffered as well, and the struggling parish at Dunkerton was ready to close the doors and desert a sinking cause.

The evening service was better attended.

The pastor announced that on the following Sunday evening a young people's meeting would be held. No other word of information was given, but at seven o'clock on Sunday evening of the next week nearly a score of young people answered the minister's invitation. An Epworth League was tentatively organized, and within six weeks a permanent chapter had applied for charter rights and began its work as a spoke in the parish wheel.

But the key which seemed to unlock the gates of opportunity was a conference which the minister called for one Thursday afternoon. A personal word of invitation was sent to each member of the "official board." At four o'clock a dozen men responded to this unusual summons, and curiously awaited the reason which the pastor had promised to give.

These men were farmers, excepting two. They were representatives of that rich section of Iowa where dairy cows and fat hogs were transforming farms into mints. These men drove to the church that afternoon in automobiles; they were directors of banks and of telephone companies; they could write their checks in five figures, every man of them. What did this young preacher-man want of them? What foolishness was this? They had never before been called to attend a meeting in the interests of any church, and yet the novelty of the thing appealed to them—curiosity brought some of them a distance of seven miles to hear what their minister had to say.

A word of prayer that seemed to suggest a new expectation in intercession was offered by the pastor. As those sturdy men arose from their knees, it seemed as if each man evidenced a more profound respect for what the minister had termed "the King's business." They drew their chairs closer together and listened as a programme of work was read to them. Before them was spread the suggestion of the ideal organization of a country parish—each department to be made responsible for its activity, and each chairman to become a member of the pastor's cabinet.

Then came the reports from those farmer men. The pastor had asked that each man bring a list of names of boys and of men who were not members or attendants at any church. The town and country were divided into districts, and these districts allotted among the members of the official board of the church. The lists of names were read;

names of men thoroughly familiar to them all—men whom they frequently met at creamery or bank or on the road.

"Why, I never thought of telling Bill about our church!" exclaimed one of the members of the board. "Do you mean to say that this is our business—this plan of making our church a workshop, a social center, where people can come every night in the week, as well as on Sunday?"

"Yes, that is the plan," replied the minister. "You know, men, there are so many of us who feel that the church doesn't want us; that it is an exclusive affair and a limited corporation, or something like that. What we must do is to make this church serve this community—serve it in as special a way as does your bank and post-office. And the splendid part of the entire task is—that we can do it if every man of you will assume his share of the job."

The men sat strangely silent. The programme called for opening the church every night from seven until ten o'clock. A letter from the State Traveling Library Commission, of Des Moines, stated that a set of fifty books would be sent every three months, free of cost—books which were to be loaned as were the books from town and city libraries. The "class-room," which had been used as a dust collector, was to be transformed into a reading-room. The young people were to be organized, a singing school opened, and a splendid chorus choir trained. Should they move the adoption of the programme?

Farmer folk are conservative and suspicious. They evade leadership that is developed from among their own numbers. Their farms are independent states, and little co-operation obtains except at harvest time. And yet, as these strong-minded men considered this plan, its value appealed to them as sane and practicable. They voted its adoption without a dissenting voice.

From the lists of names that had been submitted that afternoon it was discovered that eighty-four men within a radius of five miles never entered a church! And it was not strange that these unchurched neighbors were indifferent to the church. Had the church served them? Had it appealed to them through their own interests as a servant of all? But a new plan was in mind and the "official board" adjourned, to drive back to the farms wondering how the scheme would work.

New Year's eve brought a snow-storm.

Sleigh-bells were heard the next morning, and a bob-sled party was arranged for the afternoon. Sixteen young people, members or friends of the church, were tucked into a comfortable "bob" and were driven out into the country, visiting a young farmer and his wife. This party was the first of a series of eight which were given during the winter. The last was held in a large farm-house where were gathered more than one hundred guests. Some of them had driven ten miles to meet old friends whom they had not seen in years. The old social order was restored; a neighborly interest was reborn, and the memory of the "spelling school" and debating contests was realized in this series of country parties. Games were played, and music was the magic that swept embarrassment away. And how those people would sing!

The spirit of their singing reached the services of the church. The singing school was a mother to a choir of thirty-five voices. The wheezing organ had been trundled into the "class-room," and a new piano in the auditorium became the center of regular rehearsals. A collection of the best anthems was procured—Magnificats, Te Deums, compositions by Buck and Shelley and Sullivan. The value of hymnology was explained to the young people of the chorus and to the congregation, and a prescribed order of service was introduced. The church was enjoying increased attendance, which was drawn very largely because of the music. The chorus choir realized that they had a part in the service of the church; they followed the direction of their leader, the pastor, and the Christian festivals were properly celebrated with appropriate cantata or oratorio.

The Epworth League was the choir; the choir was the Epworth League. The departments of work were quick to learn their tasks. The auditorium was never without flowers. Paper roses and carnations in the winter took the place of ferns and palms that adorned the chancel and choir loft in the summer-time. The people were appreciative of the added attractiveness that the flowers afforded.

The reading-room became the social center for the young people of the church and of the community. Every night the "class-room," now known as the "library," was open. During the winter months a stove was used to heat the room. The kerosene lamps had long ago been discarded and a

modern system of gas-lighting installed. Pictures were hung on the walls of the library—copies of Hoffman's masterpieces, a copy of "The Signing of the Magna Charta," a photograph of the Forum at Rome, and a group of American statesmen. Each picture was a story, and each story told a message.

The books from the State Library Commission were received and exchanged regularly. The pastor acted as librarian for a time, but later the Epworth League offered to relieve him of this work. Game tables were set up and boys and girls were invited to play at chess and checkers. Some of the boys found the library and its social atmosphere so attractive that they voluntarily left the friendly shelter of the village pool-room, the only center where men might congregate to swap yarns and discuss politics.

The men of the parish were finding that the plan was working well. From their families were going sons and daughters as members of the Choral Club. Musical talent was discovered, and voices that had been silent because of timidity were encouraged and exercised. Boys who blushed at the sound of their own voices were soon taking solo parts in anthem work. The fathers and mothers looked on with approval, but they too were put to work. Platform meetings were arranged for Sunday evenings.

"What's that young feller going to have us do next?" was the question most frequently asked as the Sunday evening congregation was leaving the church. "I can't make a speech, as he wants me to do," complained a man who owned a half-section of black dirt which grew corn and oats and supported thoroughbred Holsteins and Durocs.

"Yes, you can, Charlie," replied his wife. "It will do you men good to get up some speeches and set on the platform, just as the minister wants you to do."

The man and his wife walked on to where their car stood. The husband switched on the lights, and his wife heard him mumble as he clutched the steering-wheel, "If Dick can do it, I can and I will."

"What was the subject the preacher gave you, Charlie?" continued the wife, as they drove back to the farm.

"What do you suppose it was?" the husband answered. "I had never thought of it before in the light he suggested it: 'What Business Has a Farmer with the Church?' But, Mary, if Dick Jones can sit up there, back of the pulpit, and make a speech on 'The Rela-

tion of the Farm to the Church,' as I heard the minister ask him to do, I can make a speech too." And he emphasized his remark by opening the throttle of the car, thereby disregarding the promise he had made to Mary earlier in the evening not to drive too fast.

The platform meeting was eagerly anticipated and was largely attended. The minister conducted a publicity bureau each week, sending to three daily newspapers in Waterloo a half-column story of the plans of the parish. This news feature became an incalculable asset to the church, as it frequently declared the purpose of the parish to serve the community socially, economically, and spiritually.

At eight o'clock ten men walked to the platform. The entire service was in their charge. The pastor played the piano, and took no other part in the meeting until the programme ended. Each man had done his best; the papers they had read were carefully prepared. Hands trembled a bit as man after man stood at the pulpit and delivered his message. But the victory was won; the men had gained a new appreciation of the church. They had "preached" before their neighbors; they had exhorted and testified to the incalculable value a church represents which attempts to meet the needs of community life. As they gripped the hand of the pastor when leaving the church that night, he noticed a new light shining in their eyes. They were beginning to realize what the minister had meant when he spoke and prayed about "the King's business."

But more platform meetings were to follow. The women were invited to conduct an evening service the following month. Their papers were even more carefully written, and a new sense of friendly competition was introduced. The Ladies' Aid Society had now to reckon with the Brotherhood, an organization of men and boys that is loyal to-day to the church and its every interest. The Epworth League was given a part in these platform services, and the young people experienced a larger appreciation of personal responsibility to the Kingdom.

The success of the programme had not been accomplished without difficulty. A small town in Iowa may have its neighborhood and denominational feuds. Open breaks were threatened, but a closer unity between the churches was growing nevertheless. The pulpit declared a new freedom from creedal

distinctions and dogmatic fences. The programme of the parish spelled work, hard work. The membership had little time to quarrel with or complain about a rival communion. The village must be cleaned up; its youth must be better trained and a larger vision of opportunity must be provided for the boys and girls who were in school.

Little attention had been given to educational needs. The school board attended to its duties, but little attention was given to the cause that made girls and boys desert the school too quickly and at an early age. Again the church sounded a call. A Gospel team from a near-by college was invited to hold services on Sunday. On Saturday evening the visiting delegation gave a concert. The meetings on the following day were never to be forgotten. Those college fellows declared a new message to their brothers of the village and of the farm—that boys were living clean lives and investing their strength and purpose in higher education.

The parish was now ready to undertake its largest piece of work. A summer Chautauqua for Dunkerton was suggested by the pastor. Instantly doubtful voices assailed the plan. At Waterloo, but twelve miles away, a Chautauqua provided entertainment if the people cared to go. Roads were good and motor cars were at the disposal of nearly every family. Why attempt this unnecessary effort?

But a canvass for season tickets was made. The countryside was districted, and the merchants spent several days in soliciting every farmer within a radius of six miles. The Publicity Bureau of the church championed the cause. The first Chautauqua was successful. Last summer the second assembly was held. The tent was pitched upon the school grounds, and its chairs and benches were filled every evening. A record-breaking attendance was made on Sunday night, when about seven hundred people crowded the tent to enjoy the programme of sacred song.

An organization to continue the Chautauqua movement was perfected, its membership including prominent farmers and the merchants of the village. A committee is attempting to secure one of the largest Chautauqua systems for next summer. The people have tasted and now want the best. Local pride was aroused as the villagers beheld night after night the parked automobiles from distant farms and neighboring towns. Dunkerton was one of the smallest communities in

the United States to support the Chautauqua. And after the evening's entertainment the people smiled upon the brilliantly lighted procession of cars as they were driven from the big white tent down the school-house hill to the village street, and then out upon the roads toward the homes of farmer folk—men and women who had laughed and had been entertained for two hours, forgetting the toil of the day, and wondering how the next programme would be. The Chautauqua marked a new day in the life of that awakened community.

But the church had not ceased its labors. A series of Saturday evening lecture entertainments was advertised. The Waterloo newspapers each week announced the programmes. Speakers from the Iowa State College at Ames delivered messages on soil production and on farm management. From Waterloo came the president of the Town Crier's Club, who had been invited by the pastor to speak on the natural resources and opportunities of Dunkerton. This advertising expert urged the need of village improvements, and as a result of subsequent agitation the village council granted a franchise for an electric light plant, now building. The president and manager of one of Iowa's largest department stores delivered an address on the training of boys and girls from the farm for business life. He recommended the division of the farm into departments, with the purpose of making each department responsible for its own net gain.

These lectures were free, and, while the series was broken because of storms and unavoidable postponements, the purpose of the educational programme was fully realized. Dunkerton enjoyed a season of unusual publicity, and it is to be noted that contractors and builders completed during last summer nearly a dozen residences. People returning from farms and looking for a place to live have been attracted to this village of three hundred souls because of its community vision and progressive policy. The message of the church has been heard and its programme is working.

Just a word about the financial situation. Two years ago the church was broken down. Its share of the non-resident pastor's salary was two hundred dollars, a sum of money which was paid at the end of each Conference year after distressful solicitation. Only an afternoon meeting was held, and that too

irregularly. The Sunday-school counted itself fortunate if ten people were in attendance. But to-day the Sunday congregations comfortably fill the auditorium, and the Bible school is thoroughly organized and using the graded system of lessons.

A system of finance was introduced at the beginning of the Conference year twenty-four months ago. The "budget" plan was adopted, and an every-member canvass was made of the entire parish. Each man and woman and child was given the privilege of contributing weekly to the maintenance of the local parish expenses, and also to the missionary and benevolent causes of the church. As a result the membership has raised the salary of the pastor to eight hundred dollars and expects to increase it to at least a thousand dollars. The membership has grown from about twenty-five to more than eighty persons. The church property has been improved at a cost of two thousand dollars, while the building of a nine-room parsonage is now being completed. Men who grudgingly gave five dollars to raise the debt now willingly invest fifty or one hundred and fifty dollars under the new programme. The church has become an economic factor in the life of the community. Dividends are being declared in boys and girls instead of hogs and cows. The church proclaims its challenge to serve the people, and it has been met and accepted by transformed lives of men and women, boys and girls, who are finding new pleasure in "the King's business."

A mission was conducted a year ago in the church. The appeal was made for service, for an investment of life in behalf of the farms and town, for better social conditions. The claim of Christianity was held aloft and its spirit penetrated the souls of men; farmers and storekeepers and a score of new-born men gave their names to the church. The Brotherhood immediately broadened its programme, so that every man and boy in the parish might find a piece of work to do.

What one country church has attempted and proved as worth while every rural parish may begin. A programme that takes into consideration the needs of the local community, relating them with the demands of non-Christian nations, will appeal to every man as a job that is man-size—a programme that represents a plan for the evangelization of a township with that of a world.

THE NATIONS AT WAR

ITALIA REDENTA

THE REDEEMED PROVINCES UNDER THE CIVIL ADMINISTRATION
OF THEIR ITALIAN CONQUERORS

BY GINO C. SPERANZA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN ITALY

Germany's efficiency has been shown in the way she has occupied Belgium, but she has made of Belgium a subject province and has wrung out of Belgian cities heavy taxes and has suppressed the freedom of the Belgian people. Italy has likewise occupied conquered territory; but it is territory where her armies have been welcomed. What Italy has done in this conquered territory is told by Mr. Speranza, The Outlook's special correspondent, in the following article. Mr. Speranza has had quite exceptional opportunities for ascertaining the facts, having been allowed access to places and to documents not ordinarily open to correspondents. Mr. Speranza's statements of fact have, moreover, been submitted to high authority in order to insure accuracy. We believe our readers will be particularly gratified by this account of one of the heartening effects of the European war. See illustrations in our picture section.—THE EDITORS.

WHAT a stirring thing it must be for the thousands upon thousands of Italian soldiers who are to-day fighting the ancient oppressor of their beloved land to know that upon the very roads they tread have passed the legions of Rome carrying the Imperial Eagles, that in the towns they capture the officials of the Serenissima administered for centuries the laws of the Venetian Republic, and that for the conquest of some of those very mountain peaks which they have stormed in the present war with such gallantry and dash the red-shirted followers of Garibaldi gave their young and ardent lives in times less fortunate for Italy.

It is well to bear in mind that the Italian people are to-day battling for two fundamental principles of civilization: the principle of democratic freedom in Europe against the militaristic ideal of Teutonic hegemony, and the principle of nationalism, for which they have struggled since the days of Dante's magnificent vision of a United Italy.

The territory which they are slowly but unceasingly wresting from Austrian rule is not only historically and ethnically part of *Italia*, but constitutes what has been considered an essential bulwark to her national safety almost from time immemorial. Even when Rome's dominion extended over three-quarters of the then known world that mighty Empire did not feel itself master within its own Italic boundaries until its generals had conquered all of that Alpine region, from Ligurian to Adriatic waters, which makes a

natural barrier against invasion and had pushed its defenses in the Alto Adige as far north as the Brenner Pass.

Wherever the Roman hosts carried victory, however, they also brought the seeds of a civilization which both in the Trentino and along the lower Isonzo flowered into peaceful and noble pursuits—in trade and agriculture, in government and the arts. Hence it is natural that the soldiers of the New Italy should be deeply conscious of those duties which rest upon the armies of a civilized nation towards the civilian population of conquered territory, and that already we should see the fruits of this spirit.

The working principle of the "conquerors" can be simply stated thus: As soon as Cadorna's soldiers have swept those communes beyond the old Italian frontier clear of the Austrian enemy, the soothing, recuperative, and reconstructive forces of Italian civil life are allowed the freest and the promptest play.

Early in the war the Supreme Military Command, imbued with this sense of responsibility towards certain needs which can best be met by civilian functionaries, conceived the plan of creating within itself, and responsible to itself, a staff of civil administrators or officials known as the *Segretariato Generale per gli Affari Civili presso il Comando Supremo del Regio Esercito* (General Secretariat for Civil Affairs of the Supreme Command of the Royal Army). At the head of this department it called a functionary of wide administrative ability, of tried good

sense, a modest but determined official—the Commendatore, Dr. Agostino d'Adamo, formerly Chief of Cabinet to the Ministry of the Interior.

The administrative and legislative labors of this Civil Department of the Supreme Military Command have been carried on with two principles of law and of policy constantly in view: adherence to the requirements of international law in relation to conquered territory, and the acceptance and continuance of whatever of good was found in local institutions, legislation, or customs, even though of Austrian origin.

Territory conquered by force of arms is not thereby lawfully incorporated into the government of the conqueror; it must await a formal and solemn act of annexation or of a treaty agreement at the conclusion of hostilities. The Italians have strictly adhered to this principle in the conquered lands, although, as I have stated, they are historically and ethnically a part of the Italian nation.

The Italian civil administration has been carried on, therefore, as much as possible according to what it was under local Austrian rule, except in so far as temporary military necessities forbade it. No oath of fealty to the King of Italy is exacted from the officials, and even the judgments of the civil courts are issued and enforced in the name of neither the King of Italy nor of the Austro-Hungarian Emperor, but in that of the *de facto* government—"the Supreme Command of the Italian Army."

Of the local governments (the *consigli*) few were found functioning. This was due to the fact that Austria had recalled all her men fit for army service up to the age of fifty, and of those left any and all who had Italian leanings had been ruthlessly interned. Those who could do so, and were in time, sought refuge by crossing the frontier into Italy, where they now can be found by the thousands.

The population of the conquered territory is scattered over one hundred and twenty-two communes, constituting ten political districts, of which eight have been already entirely organized and are functioning under a *commissario* or civil representative of the Supreme Military Command. The communes have their own *consigli*, or assemblies, and each town has its mayor, whose title of *podesta*, however, recalling too vividly Austrian rule, has been changed in form but not in function to that of *sindaco*.

The matter of the administration of justice

is under development. Here, obviously, great difficulties exist, owing to the fact that, all this territory being in the fighting zone, military exigencies continually vary, and there cannot be that absolute and unchanging application of the usual procedural guarantees of the civil code to which a citizen is entitled in normal times in a state at peace.

One of the first duties of the civil authorities has been an active interest in the re-establishing of the local schools. Such teachers as were left were confirmed in their positions, and vacancies were filled with members of the teaching profession who had fled into Italy to escape Austrian repression. The only higher educational institution within the new territory is the *Ginnasio Reale* at Ala, and in order to encourage its continuance and beneficent action the Italian Government has contributed towards its support a larger subsidy than was paid to it by Austria. Twelve scholarships have been established for deserving students who might desire to complete their education at any of the higher institutions of Italy.

Some changes have been made in the curricula and in the text-books of the schools, but it will hardly be claimed to be a violation of law if the Italians have taken away histories which taught children to hate Italy. The authorities are not only supplying all school-books free, but every child in the schools or in the day nurseries is given a substantial warm lunch at the expense of the state.

Special provisions have been enacted in order to facilitate the work of students who had followed the Austrian curricula, so as to equalize their standing in Italian schools of approximately the same grade; the study of German has been accepted and recognized as equivalent to courses in French, either language being left optional with the student. Small but sufficient libraries have been started in various centers, and *ricreatori*, or children's settlements, in the larger towns.

Nor are the children the only beneficiaries of Italian foresight in providing for the daily needs of the civilian population. One hears all over those lands the phrase: "*Gli italiani hanno portato l'abbondanza*" (The Italians have brought abundance). The Austrians in their retreat carried away all food-stuffs and supplies, and the Italian army of occupation had to feed, and in some instances still feeds, the civilian population. Where normal conditions have been to a certain extent established great depots of food

stuffs have been opened where the people can buy necessities at cost price; so that we have the population of the conquered provinces getting their food at about one-third of what their conquering brothers are paying in Italy.

This is not an isolated instance of that mixture of generous feeling and good sense which characterizes the Italian occupation of the new territory; the Italians, for example, have continued to pay old age pensions to those who were entitled to them under Austrian law, they have made no changes or reductions in the salaries of civil employees whom they found and confirmed in office, and they are actually paying to the wives and children of those Austrian subjects who are under arms (and perhaps fighting against Italy in the Austrian army) the same subsidies to which they were entitled under Austrian regulations.

The utmost care having been exercised to protect the Austrian archives, all records of the civil status of the inhabitants, of the ownership of real estate and of property in general, are being used as the basis of new local legislation and administration; these data, as found, serve for taxation purposes, for the preservation of titles, and the continuance of business by or on behalf of the lawful owners. In the matter of taxation great liberality has had to be exercised on account of the condition of the inhabitants; nevertheless the army has brought so much new business that in many of the larger places the returns from local taxation have almost sufficed to pay the expenses of the local administration.

Economic, social, and industrial problems are under active study, with some practical results already under way. The Rural Savings and Loan Bank of Ala, which had suspended operations, as Austria had interned all its directors, has been reorganized and is doing business; tobacco culture, which was an important industry in certain sections, has been started up anew under Italian Government experts, and General Cadorna has decreed that all laws regarding workmen's accident compensation, sick benefits, and old age pensions shall be binding and in force even during the periods of the most intense military operations, with only such minor procedural modifications from the Austrian provisions as may be made necessary by the abnormal conditions which exist to-day in the conquered territory. A plan is also being rapidly worked out for an agricultural colony

for the children of those peasants in the new lands who have been orphaned by the war.

Agriculture and forestry have been of much concern to the authorities. In the non-mountainous regions it was of the utmost importance to the local population that the harvests should be saved; I have it from the highest authority that, though in some instances soldiers had to expose themselves to the enemy's fire in order to cut the grain, practically the entire harvests were gathered.

In the Trentino the Austrian Government had pursued a wise and very intelligent work of forestation; the Italian occupation gave to Italy a much-needed element of prime necessity in war—timber. Yet, though the temptation to vast cuttings has been great and the necessity for them real and urgent, the work has been put under the restraining wisdom and professional foresight of one of Italy's foremost experts in forestry.

Nor have the conquerors thought only of the material needs of the *redenti*; no less promptly have the Italians considered their duties towards religion and art.

In the field of religion, most parishes were found without their priests; where the parish priest remained the Italians confirmed him in his office; the vacancies they filled from clerics suggested by the bishops of adjoining Italian dioceses. In order to avoid hierarchical conflicts or the exercise of favoritism, a field bishop (Vescovo Castrense) of the Roman Catholic Church was added to the staff of the Supreme Command, who is the Church dignitary in charge of all pastoral matters relating to that changing and tragic bishopric which comprises the fighting forces of Italy and the civilian population of the lands they are winning.

The Supreme Military Command has also created in its staff the office of curator of all historic and artistic property or monuments in the redeemed lands. Such an office has no parallel in the armies of the Allies, because, unfortunately, its only purpose among them would be to keep the tragic record of the national monuments which have been destroyed or have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

The curator appointed by the Supreme Command is the Commendatore Ugo Ojetti, of Florence, a literary man and art critic of international reputation. As a volunteer officer in the army he holds the humble rank of sub-lieutenant, but he possesses plenary powers for the enforcement of General

Cadorna's severe regulations regarding the preservation of all property of "artistic, historic, archæologic, and paleontologic interest."

Perhaps I can give a better idea of the work of the curator by quoting from my record of an interview which Signor Ojetti kindly granted me in the war zone.

"While there is little evidence of premeditated vandalism in places from which the Austrians have been driven," he said, "there is no question that they have systematically removed, or attempted to remove, everything of artistic value. Churches have been stripped of their treasures, and proof is available that parish priests were ordered to send anything of value in their charge to the interior. On the very day when von Bülow, as the mediator for Austria, was offering certain parts of the territory now conquered, the Austrians were removing from the Archæological Museum of Aquileja sixteen hundred of its most precious objects, including bronzes, jewels, coins, and glass and amber treasures. Where they could not be removed they were carefully hidden or buried under ground, and it is part of my work to discover such objects, identify them whenever possible, catalogue them, and add them to the official inventory which is being made of all such art and historic property."

Except in the case of objects of supreme artistic value or when there is danger of their exposure to the risks of battle, the objects found are left in charge of either the parish priest or of some reliable local person—often the village schoolmaster—who thereby becomes a sort of semi-official assistant curator.

Signor Ojetti gave two striking examples showing the difference between Italian and Austrian methods towards artistic and historic property. In the town of X—the villa of a prominent Teutonic diplomat had been seriously damaged by the artillery of the retreating Austrians, who had fired upon it despite the fact that it contained personal and diplomatic archives of importance. When the Italians occupied the town, soldiers were put at once to dig in the ruins so as to save such archives; the collected papers were put in sealed boxes, shipped to the interior, to be held in safety till the end of the war, when they will be returned to their lawful owner.

Contrast this with the Austrian method of excavating Roman remains in the *Italia Irredenta*; such remains, if seen by the people, might have strengthened their wish to

become Italians in name as well as in fact; so the Austrians, after baring the ruins, removed everything of value which could be carried away, and then, irrespective of the historic and artistic interest of what remained, covered them over again and planted wheat or other crops upon the soil.

All over the Trentino in the northern advance and at Grado and Aquileja in the east there is much of historic and artistic value. General Cadorna believes in letting the soldiers see whatever there is of art in the conquered lands, so that even the untutored but observing mind of the *contadino* soldier may grasp the fact that the territory for whose conquest he has offered his life is historically and artistically a part of Italy.

It is well known that the companion-at-arms of these humble soldiers, the present King Victor Emmanuel III, in his travels to various European capitals in his younger years was obliged to avoid the railway route through the Trentino; once only did he go that way without incurring the anger of Austria, but on that occasion he had to travel by night. Yet, despite the darkness and the late hour, it is said that the railway tracks at many points were crowded with *irredenti* watching the royal train speed by.

To-day he and his gallant soldiers come as deliverers. True, not all look upon them as such; some, indeed, have had to be treated as dangerous enemies. But the great majority of the civilian population left, the men of peaceful callings—the peasants and the shepherds, the humble folk of the mountains and of the fields—are learning to respect the kindly, orderly, and democratic ways of their conquerors, and already feel the blessings of the new freedom.

Let me close with a little picture of that *vita nuova*—of that peace which follows in the wake of the Italian armed advance. From the now peaceful valleys below comes a song, echoed and re-echoed by the mountain fastnesses:

*"E col nostro signor capitano
Fino a Vienna vogliamo anda'!"*

Amid those vast spaces, to the simple hearts of those shepherds and *contadini*, this *canzonetta* of the Italian *santoccino* sounds neither boastful nor trivial; it is a hymn, not of hatred, but of promise, borne by the evening air to those other members of the great Italian family who must still await deliverance. They will not wait in vain!

San Domenico di Fiesole, Italy.

THE ALLEGED MENACE OF PEACE

THE RELATIVITY OF OUR FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC COMMERCE—
OUR COMMERCIAL HYPERÆSTHESIA—FORCED
GROWTH OF FOREIGN COMMERCE

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

MY next article on "Big Business Junior" will be published in March. This month I want to write about the exaggerated importance in which our foreign trade has latterly come to be held.

The newspapers have printed so much about the extraordinary balance of trade in our favor, and our "commercial domination of the world" has been so flamboyantly discussed, that many people are almost persuaded that American prosperity is largely, if not entirely, dependent on our trade with foreign countries, and that any curtailment of it is sure to be followed by acute business depression.

These ideas are responsible for the fear that our present prosperity will end with the war. "The Menace of Peace" is a phrase which has been coined to describe this fear, and there are many for whom its significance is literal rather than ironical. It is undeniable that the war has increased our exports and reduced our imports, and the excess of the former, which amounts to about \$1,800,000,000 for the year 1915, is transfigured by many into a net addition to our National wealth.

In consequence we have a case of what a doctor who knew anything about business might call "commercial hyperæsthesia," and are worrying ourselves unnecessarily over what is relatively very unimportant. Even if the balance of trade in our favor were all profit, which it is not, a loss or gain of the amount could not very seriously affect the profit-and-loss account of the United States.

In fact, the volume of our foreign trade is so small in comparison with our internal or domestic trade that one is almost tempted to conclude that its value is largely psychological in that it flatters our National self-esteem and thereby promotes the self-confidence that is necessary to the development of a domestic trade which is vastly greater.

The idea that commerce is essentially predatory, that if we grow richer it must be at

the expense of some one else, is also a factor in the feeling of satisfaction with which we contemplate the excess of our exports for any year in which it is large. This idea is, of course, erroneous. In the last analysis it is malevolent, but it has been so persistently exploited by the protectionist politicians that it has become a tradition and is very difficult to eradicate.

Despite the fact that both England and New York City have for generations imported more than they exported, and have grown richer nevertheless, it is almost impossible to convince the average American that business can be good in the United States in any year in which we do not sell more than we buy.

As a matter of fact, the time is probably not far distant when this country will be buying more than it sells and will prosper nevertheless.

Let us consider the relativity of our foreign and internal commerce.

During the year 1915 our exports were valued at about \$3,550,000,000, and our imports at about \$1,750,000,000. These figures do not include gold coin or bullion. The difference of about \$1,800,000,000 is the balance of trade in our favor. The total of \$5,300,000,000 is our foreign commerce; *i. e.*, the value of all the goods bought and sold abroad.

During the same year our domestic commerce was probably not less than one hundred billion dollars, or nearly twenty times the volume of our exports and imports.

This estimate can be verified in various ways. The volume of our domestic commerce, as of our foreign commerce, must be the aggregate value of all the things bought and sold, less the value of imports and exports. It is perhaps necessary to remark that the volume of commerce and the volume of trade are different things.

A bale of cotton or a ton of coal may change hands several times in the course of distribution, and thereby increase the volume of trade and bank clearings without increas-

ing the volume of commerce, which is the total of the price paid by the consumer for the things consumed, plus the price received by the producer for the things sold.

As we cannot, in the long run, buy more than we can pay for, it is plain that the total of our purchases and sales—*i. e.*, our internal commerce—must be about equal to twice the aggregate of the National income, including wages, trade profits, interest on capital, and the value of our agricultural production in excess of the labor cost required to secure it.

Out of a total population of 100,000,000, two-fifths, or about 40,000,000, are employed in gainful occupations. Their average wage may be estimated at from \$600 to \$800 a year.

Putting the average wage at \$700 per annum, the National income may be estimated as follows :

Wages of 40,000,000 persons at \$700.....	\$28,000,000,000
Income on National wealth of \$200,000,000,000 at 7 per cent..	14,000,000,000
Trade profits, at least.....	4,000,000,000
Agricultural profits, including growth secured without labor, as lumber, wild hay, live stock, etc.....	4,000,000,000
Total	\$50,000,000,000

These figures are probably an underestimate in so far as the trade and agricultural profits are concerned, and they are not excessive in other respects.

It is therefore entirely reasonable to assume that the total value of the things bought in the United States is at least \$50,000,000,000, and, since the things bought must be produced and sold, the volume of our internal commerce is twice the National income, or about \$100,000,000,000.

This estimate can be checked in various ways.

One of the most convenient is the freight paid to railways and vessels on our internal traffic.

It is estimated that about one-half of our domestic consumption and production pays freight. The other half is consumed where it is produced. On the average, the freight is probably five per cent of the value of the article carried.

American railway freight earnings, plus the freight on the lake, river, and coastwise traffic, are about \$250,000,000,000 a year.

The value of the articles so transported is therefore about..... \$50,000,000,000
And the value of the articles consumed at or near the place of production..... 50,000,000,000

Making a total of.....\$100,000,000,000

If the only gain derived from this commerce was the profit and interest on capital as above estimated, the resulting increase in our National wealth would be \$22,000,000,000 a year, or more than four times the total volume of our foreign commerce ; but, as a matter of fact, it not only yields us a profit of at least \$22,000,000,000 a year, but supports our entire population in comfort ; whereas our exports and imports can hardly yield a profit of more than twenty per cent on their present exceptional volume of \$5,300,000,000, or about \$1,060,000,000 a year. In so far, therefore, as the profit earned is concerned, the relativity of our foreign to our domestic commerce is about in the proportion of one to twenty, and in so far as the population dependent on it is concerned it is far less important.

The difficulty in appreciating the force of this statement lies mainly in our inability to understand how a country trading entirely within itself can grow richer.

We can understand how a merchant conducting an exclusively domestic trade can enrich himself and those with whom he deals, and how a manufacturer whose production is all consumed at home may make money without impoverishing his customers, but most of us are unable to believe that a nation that is commercially and industrially self-contained can be prosperous.

This mental limitation in our economic vision, which might be called commercial astigmatism—this idea that in order to make money men must exploit some other people or country—is chiefly responsible for the fear now felt with regard to the effect of peace upon American business.

It is utterly unwarranted, and, if we can but once come to understand that our foreign commerce is almost negligible in its relation to our home demand and production, we shall cease to magnify the influence of the war upon American business.

Indeed, the more closely the reactions of commercial life are studied, the more one is convinced that they are almost entirely psychological.

The economic history of the war up to date

is a remarkable demonstration of the truth of this statement.

With the outbreak of hostilities business was prostrated. Every one feared that a commercial *dies ire* had arrived, and that the mercantile world would be resolved into chaos. But instead of depression we have stimulation and prosperity, not only in this country, but also in England and Canada, and now every one is concerned lest the war that terrified us in the advent may harm us in the ending.

Seemingly there was some warrant for the belief that war would result in more or less financial dislocation and commercial distress, but the idea that peace can have anything but a beneficent effect is about the most absurd that could be suggested, especially in the United States, where the average profit derived from our foreign trade is hardly equal to the aggregate of our annual expenditure for moving pictures, soda-water, candy, and chewing-gum, and far less than our yearly bill for liquor and tobacco.

For the information of those who do not know what these things cost us it may be mentioned that we spend each year :

For moving pictures.....	\$450,000,000
For soda-water.....	200,000,000
For candy, 20 pounds per capita, at 15c.....	300,000,000
For chewing-gum.....	50,000,000
For tobacco	800,000,000
For alcoholic liquor ¹	2,500,000,000
Total	\$4,300,000,000

Lest some may think the above estimate of candy consumption excessive, it may be added that the total consumption of sugar in

¹ My authority for this estimate is Mr. William H. Anderson, State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, who also informs me that the retail value of the alcoholic beverages annually consumed in Greater New York is about \$360,000,000 a year.

the United States is now about ninety pounds per capita, as against fifty-nine pounds per capita in 1900.

These figures will enable us to glimpse what may be called the economic "slack" in the United States that can be taken up in case of need to meet any unusual contraction in our ability to buy the things that are really essential, or any temporary dislocation in our relatively unimportant foreign trade.

It is of course desirable that foreign demand for our surplus agricultural production should continue, and there is every prospect that it will do so, but beyond this the only real importance of our trade overseas is the effect that it has upon our imagination.

The ideal of the economist is a commercial world in which each individual and nation makes and sells those things that it can produce most cheaply and buys whatever else may be required from other specialists in production.

As we get away from this ideal and attempt the artificial extension of trade along unnatural lines, we increase cost, unnecessarily hamper commerce, and finally reach a point at which we are tempted to undertake the commercial subjugation of the world by force of arms. This is what Germany is trying to do to-day, and the exaggerated value put upon the forced growth of foreign commerce is largely responsible for the war.

If we avoid this obsession and are content to allow our foreign commerce to develop as our efficiency shall lay the world under willing tribute, we need give ourselves no concern in regard to the "menace of peace." The stimulus of reconstruction will more than offset the loss of the war-induced demand, and, in any case, the volume of commerce affected is relatively negligible when considered in connection with the entire trade of the Nation.

BY THE WAY

A borrowed book—is there anything easier to forget? Even when the book is borrowed from a public library, a large proportion of readers forget to return it when due. “We collect from ten to twenty-five dollars a day in fines from forgetful readers,” a librarian in one of the large New York libraries recently remarked. To help readers to remember when their book is due, one library prints on the subscriber’s card, not the usual entry, “Taken out Feb. 5,” but “Due Feb. 19.” Thus the reader sees the important figure, instead of having to calculate, “Two weeks from Feb. 5 is —?”

During the Russo-Japanese War the Russian military hospitals for the insane were overrun with cases of insanity due to the use of alcohol; to-day, as a result of the prohibition of vodka, only *one* case of insanity caused by alcohol is in the one hospital which cares for all the insane from Russia’s vast northern army (larger than all the Russian forces employed in the Japanese war). This statement is made on the authority of Mr. Ernest Gordon, who has recently visited Russia and is soon to publish a book, “Russian Prohibition,” based on his investigations there.

In the office of a broker in plays in New York City this framed placard hangs, as a suggestion to authors that they must persevere: “Plays are not written; they are rewritten.—BOUCHAULT.”

The damage suits against the Kronprinzessin Cecillie for her failure to complete her voyage to France in July, 1914, have been dismissed. It will be remembered that this German vessel carried over ten million dollars in gold on this voyage, which began before war was declared. The wireless apprised her of the outbreak of hostilities, and to escape possible capture she put into Bar Harbor, thus failing to fulfill her contracts to deliver the specie.

Believers in democracy may find encouragement in the fact, as recently announced, that every one of the twelve directors of the firm of B. Altman & Co., one of the most successful dry-goods companies in New York City, started as a cash-boy, office-boy, or driver, and worked his way up by sheer merit.

“The automobiles were parked.” Just what does this mean? An exchange says: “The term ‘parked’ is applied to waiting vehicles drawn up alongside of one another, not parallel to the curb. Vehicles drawn up one directly behind the other in a line are not ‘parked,’ but ‘ranked’—as usual on a cab stand.”

“Life’s” cover for February 10 is certainly an amusing skit on the possible results of a war of unpreparedness as it might affect the United States. It shows a map of North America in which “New Prussia” is the largest province,

with a small “American Reservation” placed in “Der Grosse Desert” in Arizona, and with all our big cities rechristened with German names, while the Great Lakes are called Lager Laken, Hofbrau Laken, etc., and the Mississippi is the New Rhine. It is good-natured piece of fun which even a “hyphen” might enjoy.

Mrs. Hen (as interpreted into the vernacular by the “American Agriculturist”): “Now what do you think of that! I’ve only been away from this nest five minutes and both those eggs that I was settin’ on are gone. That’s the way a body can never find things where they lay them!”

Submerged microphones, according to “Shipping Illustrated,” have been used to detect the presence of submarines. The propellers of the under-sea boats make a characteristic sound, and by the use of a “De Forest amplifier” submarines have been detected at a distance of fifty miles, it is asserted. The direction from which the submarine is approaching can also be ascertained by this apparatus, it is claimed.

“If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled.” The words, quoted by an exchange from an advertisement of a nursing bottle, seem grammatically correct, but somehow they have an unpleasant connotation for the baby’s friends.

The Poor Richard Club of Philadelphia, founded in honor of Benjamin Franklin, last month celebrated Franklin’s birthday by a banquet at which more than six hundred guests in addition to its own members were present. A friend suggests, apropos of this event, that this is a good time to read or re-read Franklin’s Autobiography, which he says, comparing it with another entertaining book with an equally unpromising title, “The Bible in Spain,” is “almost as vivid in its characterizations as George Borrow’s masterpiece.”

The bicycle, according to the New York “Sun,” is to take a new hold on public attention this year. Enthusiasts are quoted to the effect that one million bicycles will be manufactured in 1916 to meet the renewed demand for the two-wheeled vehicle.

“An apple a day keeps the doctor away,” says the old saw. A contributor to the “Rural New Yorker” betters this advice by saying: “Talk about ‘pink pills for pale people,’ there is more health-giving virtue in the big red and yellow pills grown on an apple tree than in all the drug-store remedies. I don’t mean nibbling daintily at an apple once a day, but having them at meals, sauce, pies, baked, and eating from three to six raw daily.” Golden Sweet, Hubbardston, and Smokehouse are the varieties recommended for this generous regimen, and two of these are described as large in size.